THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CIII.—No. 1339

AUGUST 14, 1929

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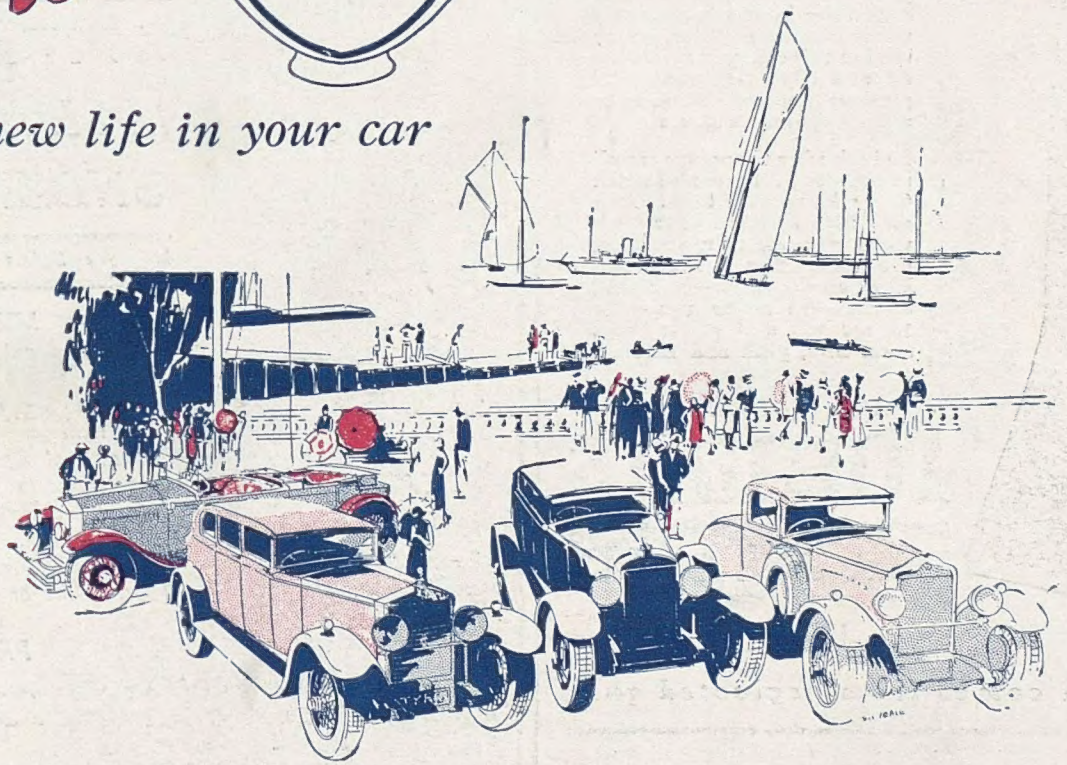

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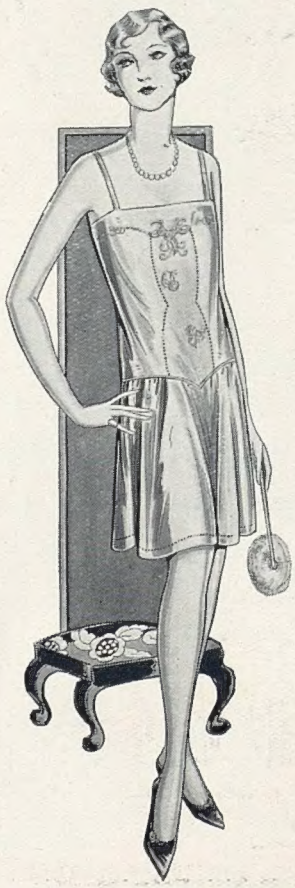

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BYSTANDER

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THE "GLORIOUS TWELFTH" AGAIN

Sport and General

Shooting is with us once again, and this year birds are strong on the wing, and, thanks to a dry spring and early summer, very plentiful—indeed, this promises to be a splendid season Above is seen one of the butts on a Highland moor showing Schiehallion in the background

The Passing Hour

Lenare

Miss Valerie French (right) photographed with her sister Essex, whose marriage to Mr. Vyvyan Drury took place recently at St. George's, Hanover Square. On the day of the wedding it was announced that Miss Valerie French had renewed her engagement to Mr. Bradley Martin, a well-known figure in New York Society, who has been injured in a car smash in Colorado

A Festive Cowes

THE surprising thing about Cowes was that, deprived of the presence of the King and Queen, it yet succeeded in being one of the liveliest and most crowded of regattas in recent years. After the dash and pace of most modern pleasures yachting seems once again to have caught hold of the public enthusiasm. A day before Cowes began there were some sixty boats anchored in the Roads, on Bank Holiday there were close upon two hundred, massive steam yachts of a thousand tons, schooners, yawls, ketches and trim cutters headed by the shapely green hull of Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock, whose owner was constantly seen on the front, a vivacious figure looking ten years younger than most men of his age.

On the Squadron Lawn

GUARDED by white-capped attendants the precincts of the Royal Yacht Squadron remained for the majority as impenetrable as ever, and its members found themselves besieged by the most distant of acquaintances for the pink and blue badges that gave the "open sesame" to its lawns, whereon one might gaze with due reverence upon the Commodore, Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley, Lord Normanton, Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny, Colonel Sir Philip Hunloke, Sir William Portal, and so many more. Part of the pleasure of those who obtained the badges seemed to be to parade through the town that all might see the token of their magnificent exclusiveness that not even kings have succeeded in upsetting by the introduction of favourites who were not deemed by the Committee to be socially adequate. Always, however, the Royal Yacht Squadron has considered itself the most eclectic of clubs, for not long after its inception in 1815, when the idea of a yachting club originated at a meeting at the Thatched House Tavern in St. James's Street, the Club received a request from the Prince Regent to become a member.

Gossip of the Past

JUST over a hundred years ago the social diarist of the *English Spy*, with the aid of Robert Cruikshank's illustrations, was writing the most florid descriptions of society at Cowes, and with a daring and facetiousness that would hardly be tolerated to-day. "Lady F. Leveson-Gower and her husband appear too fond of each other to be fashionables," he wrote in one of his communications, that, incidentally, fetch astonishing prices whenever they come up for sale at Sotheby's. And when he wrote of the "ladies," such as the beautiful Mrs. Corbett, he called her "a splendid creature, a very divinity, my boy," and that the daughters of Sir George Thomas were "stars of the first magnitude in female attractions."

LUNCHEON ON A

A morning spent with the guns on a Highland provides as good a reward for that "lift" devoutly to be hoped—passed unnoticed

Ian Smith

A sturdy little Highlander with two of the competitors in the Scottish Field Trials Association's eleventh Pointer and Setter Trials held on the Bolfracks Estate, near Aberfeldy

PERTHSHIRE MOOR

By Helen McKie

moor is a certain prelude to a healthy appetite, and the sight of a white cloth spread on the springy turf and right" that got home as it brings consolation for that unfortunate missed chance which—it is by those in the next butt

Ian Smith

POINTER AND SETTER TRIALS NEAR ABERFELDY

Mr. J. K. Hutchinson, the owner of Bolfracks Moor, pointing out the lie of the land to his party at the recent trials. Highland dress is always something of a mystery to the humble Sassenach, so we can only assume that there is nothing out of place in the appearance of the gentlemen on the left, who has added the tightly fitting overcoat and silver-mounted umbrella of the West End to the skean dhu, sporran, kilt, and hose-tops of Caledonia stern and wild

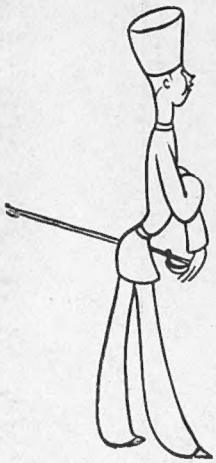
Ian Smith

Mr. Wilson (left), Sir James Wilson and Mr. J. L. Somerville at the Trials. It would seem that plus-fours and a cap, waders and a velour, and a deerstalker and kilts are worn with equal impunity

A Yachting Honeymoon

BAD weather dimmed a little of the brilliance of the constellation at Cowes last week, though there can be a *chic* about a smart rainproof in green or yellow or blue equal to that of more delicate fashioning, and I would back some of our modern "stars" such as Lady Seafield, Lady Glentanar, Lady Marion Dalrymple, the beautiful Marchese Marconi, who is with her husband on board the world-famed Elettra, and the Hon.

COWES AND THE COSTUMES



Mrs. Baillie - Hamilton, who but three weeks ago was Miss Wanda Holden. She and her husband have chartered a motor yacht for part of their honeymoon. One of the largest yachts was that of Mr. Gordon Selfridge, the Conqueror. Acting as his hostess was Princess Wiasensky, his daughter.

Entertaining on the Yachts

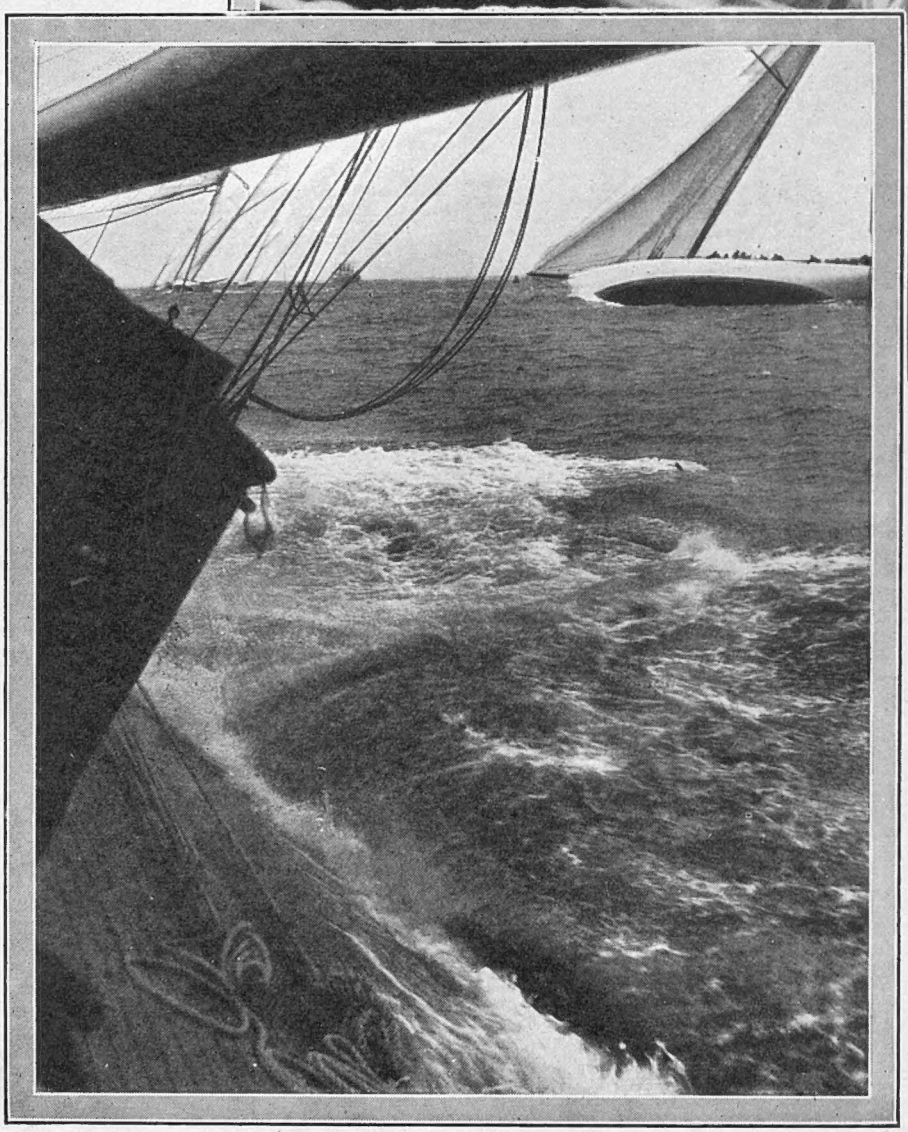
SIGHT of Lord Birkenhead landing on the Squadron slipway from his smart and blue-lined Mairi seemed to afford the crowd that gathered, no matter what the weather, about the entrance to the Club, considerable satisfaction, no doubt because his features were more familiar to them than those of other but less known celebrities. He had a family party in his boat consisting of Lady Birkenhead, Lady Pamela Smith, quite a "grown-up" girl now, and Lord Furneaux, his son. They entertained the one "King" that the Squadron was able to show this year, the ex-King George of Greece Princess Beatrice, who is the Governor of the Isle of Wight, motored over from Carisbrooke Castle on most days with Princess Helena Victoria to take tea. Sir Harold and Lady Bowden entertained many parties on board Maid Marion, and during the bad weather contract bridge supplied the excitement in place of the racing.

In Blue and White Pantaloons

QUITE the most spectacular figure at Cowes was Miss Ethel Levey (Mrs. Claude Grahame-White). She seemed to have as infinite variety of clothes for every day of the regatta as she did when appearing on the stage, and her blue sailor suits—*avec pantalons, bien entendu,* and appropriately decorated in various places with the combined flags of England and America—were the envy of the less courageous who had not the temerity to flaunt the rigid conventions of Cowes week. One of these, by the way, seemed the immediate purchase by every man, whether or not he had ever been on a yacht, of a yachting cap. Mr. Grahame-White's speedboats had been acquired by many visitors for the regatta, including Lady Hulton, the Hon. Henry Mond, and Lord and Lady Glenapp, though they were down in the South of France, leaving Lord Glenapp's father, Lord Inchcape, to face the rigours of the weather, which seemed to depress him considerably. Aeroplanes were buzzing over the Roads most of the time, and two of them brought over the Hon. "Freddie" Guest and his daughter and the Hon. Mrs. Evan Morgan, who came to join Lady Hulton's house-party at Nubia House, which Lady Baring has also let for the Schneider Cup races to Sir Philip Sassoon.

The Dublin Horse Show

NOT everyone, however, was to be seen upon the Solent, for almost equal



Sport and General

Candida, with scuppers under water, overhauling Cambria, whom she beat. All the leading big yachts, with the exception of His Majesty's Britannia, were racing at Cowes

A HINT FOR DUBLIN

Sport and General

Mr. S. Andrae, the only amateur capable of handling one of the big yachts, at the wheel of Candida in a thrilling race round Cowes. The task of the helmsman in a heavy sea is one that calls for a vast amount of skill

numbers made their way to Dublin for the Horse Show, and a friend there tells me there were as many Americans to be seen in the paddock as English. The yearling sales, which take place after the Phœnix Park races, bring many over from the States, all hoping to buy a potential champion. As there were eight hundred yearlings that came up under the auctioneer's hammer, there was certainly every chance that among them was such stuff as leaves all else behind it at the winning post. Lady Ravensdale, Lord and Lady Iveagh and young Lord Rosse, who had a house-party at Birr Castle, and is shortly leaving for India where he will be the guest of the Maharani of Cooch-Behar, were at the Show every day as well as at the ball at Viceregal Lodge on the Friday. The sales naturally brought over many trainers and managers, among whom were Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, Lord Hillingdon, and Fred Darling. Sir Austen and Lady Chamberlain are also in Ireland. They are staying with Lord and Lady Londonderry at Mount Stewart, County Down. Dublin and Cowes must take in their short seasons as much money from visitors as some of the smart Continental resorts, and if either ever had the audacity to start a Casino a wealth undreamed of might be theirs. For Cowes, this would mean the secession of the Isle of Wight from England, but if she agreed to pay a percentage of profit from a Casino it might be worth while even Mr. Snowden considering the idea!

The Penalty of Versatility

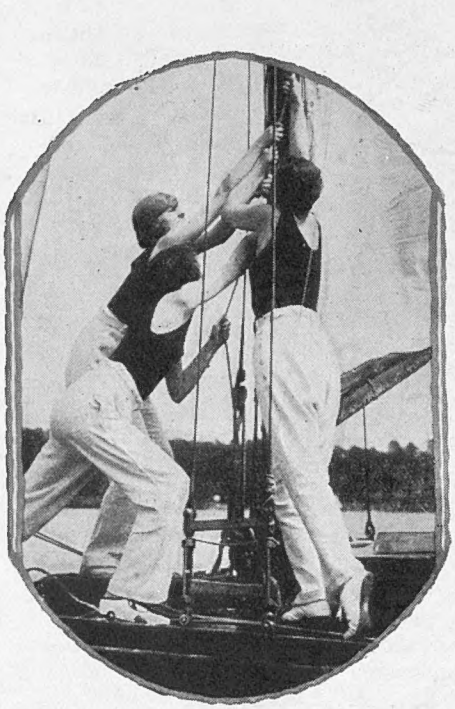
THE death of Mr. Leslie Faber came as an unexpected shock to all but his intimate friends, and almost the only intimation of his illness was to those who happened to visit the Criterion Theatre during the previous fortnight and learnt of his absence, "owing to indisposition," from the cast of *By Candle Light*. His part in this typified the character of his recent appearances. To be a success on the English stage, perhaps on any stage to-day, it appears to be necessary to pursue a type of part with which the public has come to associate an actor's particular suitability, and in this groove he has to stick, for managers seldom give him the opportunity to depart from what the box office tells them pays best. For this reason, perhaps, Mr. Leslie Faber delayed a general popularity in that he was so versatile, ready to swing from comedy to drama, from romantic turns to musical comedy absurdities. Only lately did he give himself up to those parts which suited him pre-eminently and in which the public preferred to see him, the suave, slightly cynical,

Central Press Photopress

TWO FAMOUS MEN AT COWES

Lord Inchcape (left) coming ashore at the Royal Yacht Squadron enclosure, and Sir Thomas Lipton on board his famous yacht, Shamrock

CLOTHES AND THE WOMAN



Keystone View

L. N. A.

Sport and General

Sport and General

IS WOMAN DIVINE IN ALL CIRCUMSTANCES?

We have no hesitation in answering the above question with an emphatic negative, and offer the three photographs above in proof. On the left are seen some amateur yachtswomen who felt it incumbent upon themselves to dress as though they were about to swab decks, whilst next to them an American from a yacht not inappropriately christened "Burlesque," is seen landing at Cowes in kit which is masculine but not modish, whilst in the centre and on the right are two beach costumes which were flaunted before luckless visitors to the Lido

epigrammatic man of the world, with romance behind him and some of it in front. In such parts he was always admirable, and he was one of the best exponents of the naturalistic school.

The Egyptian "Faux Pas"

THE failure of the Government's Egyptian policy may well bring about Labour's downfall in the conflict of an Election, and that failure is more than probability seems only too woefully apparent. The spirit of liberty is a pungent wine in the mentality of the Oriental, and one that, unaccustomed to, he may well abuse. Already the Nationalists are fulminating against Mahmud Pasha and his Government, and the outcome of the new Egyptian Parliament may be to throw out the existing Premier and Cabinet, and even to disturb the establishment of Fuad's throne. Rioting and unrest are inevitable, and diminished protection of British Nationals and the removal of the capitulatory system will be a provocative invitation to fanatical extremists.

Pacific and Atlantic

MIGHTY MAGNATES EN VACANCE

Sir Walter de Frece and Mr. Solly Joel snapped at Deauville. The debonair pose and easy gait of Sir Walter are worthy of the lords of Finance at their best

On the Liberals' attitude towards the settlement when it is presented to Parliament will depend both its ratification and the survival of the present Labour Government, for defeat on such a cardinal issue as their foreign policy would be a declaration of the House's lack of confidence.

Good Shooting for the 12th

NOT for many years have the expresses for Scotland and the North carried such optimistic sportsmen towards the butts. Everywhere the outlook for the grouse season was good, and there was seldom such a Twelfth, for which all the gamekeepers prophesied such likelihood of good bags. That it is deserved none will deny after the lamentable years since the War, when disease among the birds and bad weather brought about disastrous shortage of young stock. Yorkshire has made a surprising recovery from a succession of bad seasons, and reports speak of the best game seen for years. This hopeful tale is repeated

SPORT NORTH OF THE TWEED

Pacific and Atlantic

THE LAW TAKES A HAND

It seems unfortunate that this lady at Deauville was run in because of her dress. Presumably it shocked the æsthetic susceptibilities of the gendarme

of the moors around Western Aberdeenshire, Banffshire, and Morayshire, as well as in Inverness. This plenitude of game should have a welcome reflection in the prices in the retail shops, though actually, whether the season is good or bad, they seem to vary but little, the fishmongers and poulterers taking every advantage of what is generally considered a luxury dish.

The King's New Guns

WHEN the King is once more established in good health, and that time does not appear to be more remote than the end of this month, he will most certainly make insistent appeal to his doctors to allow him a few days' shooting. Providing he chooses a warm day, and both September and October can frequently produce a summer heat, there should be little danger. While His Majesty was at Windsor he selected and bought two new guns, and he will obviously be eager to try them. Not to do so would be tantalising disappointment, for to anyone keen on shooting not to shoot with a new gun is terribly exasperating.

Northern Games and Gatherings

IT is too early to conjecture whether or not the King will be able to be present at any of the Northern Gatherings in September, but the behaviour of Scottish weather is capable of a treachery which any convalescent is ill-advised to risk. The Duke and Duchess of York, however, are certain visitors to the Braemar Gathering. While they are visiting various friends Princess Elizabeth has been sent with her two nurses to Glamis Castle, where her parents will subsequently join her and remain while they are in Scotland.

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

We are approaching the Nursery Season and the two-year-olds previously mentioned on this page should specially be listed for attention.

Six more horses to follow are given below.

DUFFERS DRIFT

(Ch. F., by Spion Kop—Cilly). Owner, Capt. A. S. Wills. Trainer, Bruce. Was genuinely supported when third at Birmingham in the Coventry Plate (five furlongs).

UMSLOPAGAAS

(B. G., by Battleaxe—Organa). Owner, Mr. H. Stobart. Trainer, R. W. Colling. Was the medium of a very late "job" when running third to Don Pat in the Vyner Plate (seven furlongs) at Hurst Park. Don't be discouraged; follow him.

PATSYFORD

(Ch. C., by Stratford Mary—Patricia). Owner, Mr. C. V. Tabor. Trainer, Owner. This colt was badly away when running fourth to Blue Line in the Juvenile Selling Plate (five furlongs) at Brighton. He was confidently supported by the stable.

SOLVENT

(B. F., by Soldennis—Cuan Ferry). Owner, Mr. R. H. Gresson. Trainer, Rimell. Did not get away with the leaders when finishing sixth to the well-backed Stemmed in the Burton Maiden Plate (five furlongs) at Birmingham. A shoal of money was returned to the course for her. I confidently predict she will soon get the losses back.

NOROC

(B. G., by Spion Kop—Stratum). Owner, Mr. F. B. Sneyd. Trainer, Sneyd. Was supported when second to Sir Picton in the Great St. Wilfrid Handicap (one and a half miles) at Ripon. His trainer is a rare judge of a stayer, and deserves to meet with the early success of Noroc.

GENTLEMAN'S RELISH

(Bl. or Br. F., by He—Bonne-Bouche). Owner, Mr. J. P. Arkwright. Trainer, Persse. Having returned to her two-year-old form, this filly should be backed with confidence. Her last performance, when backed like a "good thing," was her third to Turps in the Holiday Plate (one and a quarter mile) at Birmingham. Previous to this she had run second to Dark Ages in the Duchess of York Plate (one mile and a quarter) at Hurst Park, and giving the winner two pounds, was only beaten by three-quarters of a length.

At the Café Anglais

REX EVANS, who is a big man—in more senses than one—in the cabaret world, is still going strong at the Café Anglais (not the Café de Paris, as was stated by a slip of the pen in last week's BYSTANDER), and, apart from a brief holiday, he will continue here till the end of October. After that, he will probably go to America, and, although his songs are most spirited, the Federal Officers are not likely to seize them.

MISS PEARSON-CRAVEN *S. Tayler*

Whose parents entertained a large house-party in Yorkshire for "The Twelfth," was presented this year by Lady John Kennedy. She is an enthusiastic motorist, who hopes to race a powerful car at Brooklands. Sir Ronald Gunter has offered to lend her the 6½ litre Bentley in which he covered 1,952 miles at an average speed of over 81 m.p.h. in the J.C.C. "Double Twelve Hours" race recently

AT THE PLAY

JUNGLE JINKS and FAMILY FEUDS

"The Tiger in Men," at the Adelphi Theatre

IN *The Tiger in Men* we start at an hotel situated in the usual tropical scenery where the usual tropical crowd is on tap, and make acquaintance with an Englishman who drinks (heroic); a Frenchman who dopes (pathetic); an American who gambles (usual type); and a German who steals (comic relief). They have no illusions about themselves—and the author sees to it that the audience is left with none.

ALSO stopping in the hotel is a be-e-u-u-tiful maiden whose father was either poisoned or died naturally from shock after discovering in the near-by jungle lots of tin—not in the earth, but lying on the surface and in caves—of incalculable value. Undeterred by her dear papa's fate, she determines to sink her little all in pocketing that tin and becoming a multi-millionairess for keeps.

TO get to the tin entails a dangerous march through the jungle, lasting a week, and when the goal is reached there is still danger, for wild beasts lurk and superstitious natives, instead of " 'eaving arf a brick " at strangers, do their damndest to puncture them with poisoned darts.

IT will be realised, therefore, that this expedition requires more strength and courage than, say, going to Edinburgh from London by the Flying Scotsman, even though the distance is not so far. What more natural, then, that men of muscle, resource and sagacity should be chosen to undertake such a quest, even though a hardy heroine is in command of the party?

WHAT more suitable choice could be made by the heroine than the drunken Englishman, the doping Frenchman, the gambling American, and the thieving German to accompany her to the wilds? Any girl—and not necessarily a heroine in melodrama—would, of course, do the same!

BY some miracle of team work the party arrives and finds shacks on stilts awaiting it. And the one where the heroine lodges, had it been on a house-agent's list, would have been described as "in an ideal situation. 2 beds, 1 sit., bath h. & c.," even though reference to sanitation might be somewhat vague.

MIND you, we do not *see* the bath nor the h. & c., but from the appearance of the heroine after ten weeks in the jungle there *must* have been a bath there, for the sweet thing is the last word in smartness. A silky-looking shirt open at the neck, a perfectly cut coat and riding breeches without a speck upon them, cover a perfectly clean heroine. It is only her boots, which look like suède, that are the teeniest-weeniest little bit dusty.

BUT, though clean and calm, the heroine is worried, for "the tiger in men" begins to show itself. The American secures cards from, if my ears did not deceive me, cigarette packets, which are doubtless on sale in the jungle, and, playing by himself, starts to cheat—the dirty dog! The German steals rice rations from the bearers. The Frenchman buys cocaine from a native — civilisation is much in evidence! — and the Englishman, in the absence of Scotch, Irish, or even Canadian whisky, looks longingly at the kerosene lamp container!

NATIVES, as thick as those in an oyster bed, surround the shack.—A tiger—not in men—stalks around anxious to put man in tiger; and, worst of all, the Frenchman, having taken a dose of cocaine, is so strangely influenced by this drug that he insists upon making most improper proposals to the heroine!

I WOULD willingly carry this story through to the end but for the fact that I should then crowd out some of H. H. Harris's illustrations to *The Skin Game*, which are assuredly far more interesting. Let me only add that—how *did* you

By VERNON WOODHOUSE

Sketches of "The Skin Game" at Wyndham's Theatre, by H. H. HARRIS

guess?—after things look at their very blackest and hero and heroine are left alone to die from native darts, the latter discover that one of the party has shot the tiger which was supposed to be a spirit—not of the sort the hero affected—and this so pleases them that the pair can go or stop, as they jolly well please.

S

I CANNOT help thinking that the author, Dion Titheradge, evolved this play backwards. He first thought of his "thrilling" scenes and how to get his principals out of a tangle, and then of "dramatic" characters to tell the tale. Were my idea mistaken, I cannot conceive why, for the sake of dramatic effects in Acts II and III, commonsense in Act I is thrown to the Malayan winds.

S

THIS really would not matter so much, for we cannot hope for the probabilities to be strictly adhered to in melodrama, had the big scenes, when they came along, really thrilled. This they failed to do. Margaret Bannerman signalises her return to London by playing the only woman's part, but the environment did not suit her. She seemed so infinitely more in keeping with Rotten Row than the rotting jungle. The author himself plays the part of the Frenchman, and kills him before the end; Ian Hunter looked upon the kerosene when it was yellow; and Phil White managed to extract a few laughs from the familiar figure of the stage German. One in connection with a sausage went quite well!

"The Skin Game," at Wyndham's

HERE is contrast indeed! The last play seen at this theatre was *Exiled*, by John Galsworthy, which, to put it bluntly, is the worst play this distinguished dramatist has ever written. Now that *The Skin Game* has been revived it shows the author at his very best, though some may feel inclined to bracket this first with *Loyalties*.

S

The Skin Game was first produced nine years ago, but it shows no sign of age. This battle between an old family and a new remains as interesting as ever, and the reason is that it is a good story which is as apposite to-day as it was when first written. And how well that story is told. Galsworthy has never revealed more clearly his skill as a dramatist.

S

THIS revival is well cast. Edward Irwin makes an admirable auctioneer; Edmund Gwenn repeats his fine performance as Hornblower; Mabel Terry Lewis is the cold aristocrat to the life; Nicholas Hannan, as Hillcrist, adds yet another fine portrait to his large gallery; and Joyce Kennedy gets every ounce of sympathy out of the part of Chloe. V. W.

IN *These Pretty Things*, at the Garrick, Gertrude Jennings provides summer fare which, as it should be, is light salad rather than heavy meat. Mannequins, misunderstandings and mild merriment are dispensed by a cast which is stronger than the play, and includes really excellent performances by Athene Seyler and Lawrence Grossmith.

AN AUGUST CABARET

"Dog days" in London do not mean "dead" nights nowadays, for, despite the efforts of kill-joys, D.O.R.A.-worshippers, and other cranks, there is still cheery entertainment to be had in the West End. The Grosvenor House authorities are to be congratulated for refusing to believe in this old myth. With great enterprise they are presenting every night a cabaret devised and produced by André Charlot, which is doing more than a little to brighten London.

* * *

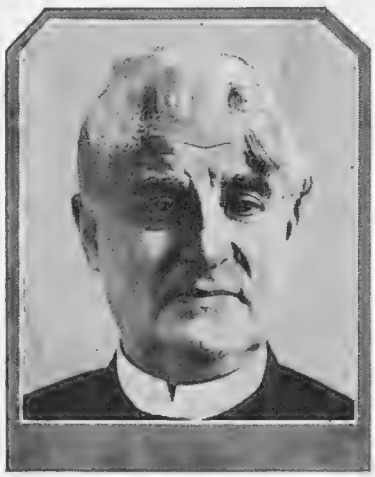
Among the clever people who fell to our artist's pen at a recent visit are the lugubrious Rebla, who can—and does—juggle with almost everything under the sun except, unhappily, income-tax returns; two clever dancers, Billy Revel and Jane Moore, in whom the audiences always revel so much they call for more; and Barrie Oliver, the young American whose dancing has solved the secret of perpetual motion—to say nothing of the Jovers and others.

* * *

Grosvenor House is one of the pleasantest places in the West End, and the cuisine and wine in the restaurant are always excellent. Wherefore it is satisfactory to note that the prices here are no higher than those of other West End hotels and restaurants.

BY H. H. HARRIS

Hannen Swaffer Reviews Our American Bosses



DAVID BELASCO

Who lost a fortune over "The Miracle" in New York and regained one over "Chu Chin Chow"

WHEN Rome triumphed, Cæsars returned to the Tiber with kings and princes chained to their chariot wheels, and with the booty of great capitals carried in triumph in their train.

America, the new master of the world, conquers with money. It does not steal; it buys. We are the slaves of its dollars.

New York's is not an American theatre. It is a cosmopolitan one. Its melodies are written by people of every nationality, paid more than they ever dreamed of. Its leading actors are chiefly of British descent. Its plays are written by Germans and Czechs and Russians and men from all the countries of Europe. Its producers are bought from Moscow and from Prague.

Every year American managers come to Europe, appraising, buying, insulting. They have come to buy Culture; yet few of them have it themselves. Some of them started very near the gutter.

"Haven't you got any plays?" they say. "Haven't you got any actors? Why don't you do something? We'll pay you!"

ALTHOUGH I have had hard things to say, now and then, about London managers, my remarks have been kind compared with what American managers sometimes say of them when, seated in the Savoy, they discuss the English theatre.

"What does Drury Lane mean complaining that we charge them so much for *Rose Marie*?" said Arthur Hammerstein. After watching a film called "Tiger Cat," he had seen in the Canadian Mountains a good locale for a musical play, got his son to write it, and then staged it so that he made a fortune.

"We ought to charge them more than we do," he said. "We invent, we create, we build it up, and take all the risk, and then they come calmly over to New York, buy what we have made, and then complain that we charge too much. Why, we ought to have the lot!"

Just then Bernhard Baron, the millionaire who has just died, sent me a message. He asked me to introduce Arthur Hammerstein to him.

"You don't know it, Mr. Hammerstein," said the old man, "but your father and I worked together years ago, as boys, rolling cigars, side by side, for a few cents a day."

OLD Hammerstein spent fortunes on trying to make Grand Opera pay. His son and his grandson, Oscar Hammerstein II, have made much more out of poor tunes than the old man ever lost over good music.

It was old Hammerstein who gave Morris Gest his chance. Morris comes here every year or so, talks wildly about his schemes, tours Europe, calling on Hauptmann and D'Annunzio, taking with him a photographer whose job it is to photograph him with the other great man, going to Russia to rescue his aged parents, all of which makes good publicity in America, talking about Art, rolling his eyes, wearing a loose tie and a velvet jacket, and telling me how he "never let the old man down."

The old man is David Belasco, his father-in-law, the greatest showman in America and the most original producer. He made, and produced, *The Darling of the Gods*, and sold it to us, *The Music Master*, which was murdered here, and a hundred plays of every type. Some he writes, some he rewrites. His greatest London failure was *Timothy*, which ran only a few nights at the Shaftesbury, the audience sitting in absolute silence while Cyril Maude flopped.

LEE SHUBERT

One of the famous Shubert brothers, who virtually controlled New York theatres for years

AL WOODS

Who has made a fortune out of melodrama, visits England every year in search of talent

BELASCO started life as a call-boy in San Francisco. Morris Gest, his son-in-law, sold tickets outside the New York theatres, borrowing the money from a cigar woman at the corner, until one day Oscar Hammerstein sent for him and told him to go to London and find stars for his music-hall. That was his start.

Since then he has gambled with *The Miracle*, which lost him £130,000 in New York, and then made him a fortune on tour, *Cairo*, *Chu Chin Chow*, vast spectacles, a German passion play, the Chauve-Souris and the Russian Ballet.

"Often I haven't had a cent in my pocket," he told me once. "Sometimes my wife and I could not pay the milk bill, or find money for the gas, but we have never let the old man down."

WHEN Sam Shubert was burned alive in a railway smash in America, his brothers, Lee and J. J., who asks me not to call him Jake, sat in an office in Shaftesbury Avenue in tears, thinking that was the end. They had all started at Syracuse, in New York State, and then Sam had founded the business. Yet his success was nothing to the one his brothers made. For years they largely controlled the New York theatre.

They failed here at the Strand, when it bore another name, threw the keys in the River Thames on the last night, and said, "That's that." They returned, years after, to buy a half share in six London theatres. They came here to produce, but *The Student Prince* failed, so that cured them. Yet they control in America hundreds of theatres.

"Both the Selwyns used to be ushers in one of my theatres," said Lee Shubert to me once.

Well, the Selwyns made a lot of money out of *Within the Law*, and, in spite of themselves, another fortune out of *The Fool*. Soon afterwards, they split. Edgar wrote for the films. Archie now comes here and takes back Cochran shows. He took the first Charlot revue that went to America, when Jack Buchanan set a fashion in clothes. Now he has joined with Cochran.

JED HARRIS, who sold *Broadway* to London at such a high profit that it lost money, although they called it a success, was over here a few years ago, sleeping on the Embankment, he tells me, and smuggling his way home. When he returned, *Broadway*, which he produced, soon made him a fortune in New York. Since then he has gone on, building up ultra-modern melodramas. In two or three years he has made more money than almost any man in the American theatre.

GILBERT MILLER is almost one of us. His father, who was born in Camden Town, went to Toronto. Handsome and with a fine voice, he went on the stage and became a famous leading man as Henry Miller. His son, educated in France and Germany, is a cultured man of the world. He runs the St. James's in London, controls the Frohman interests in New York, and is really a big man of affairs. He now produces his New York companies in London—to save money on rehearsals.

There is not another Frohman, of course, but, man for man, these American managers are far in front of ours both in courage and imagination. Nearly all of them started very poor. Yet they have a flair, and when they believe in something they go right ahead, and they gamble their last cent.

WILLIAM BRADY, who was Jim Corbett's manager, and who ran prize-fights for years, afterwards bringing Corbett to Drury Lane in a drama called *Gentleman Jack*, married Grace George, the star, and has another star, Alice Brady, for a daughter. He has scores of successes to his credit. His latest boom, *Street Scene*, is really a highbrow play, one written by Elmer Rice, who wrote "The Adding Machine." Brady was ill a few months ago and nearly broke again. He had been like that often. He went to bed and read plays. One of them was *Street Scene*. Against everybody's advice, he put it on. It is now a sensation, making a large profit every week. Shortly it comes to London.

LEW LESLIE discovered the niggers. He can manage them. They trust him. His great star was Florence Mills, whom he brought to London twice.

GILBERT MILLER

Who is as well known in England as in America, runs the St. James's Theatre in London and controls the Frohman interests in New York

Charles Dillingham, another regular visitor to England, seen with Edna Best

Then he produced *White Birds* at His Majesty's, but it lost £26,000. Then Florence Mills died, and the next nigger show flopped. Suddenly, however, business picked up. Leslie, down almost to his last dollar a few months ago, is now rich again. He has a show in Paris. He will be back with another show here soon.

EARL CARROLL, whose naked shows are a New York sensation, was last here when he was awaiting trial because of the famous champagne bath party, to which he invited scores of notabilities. I talked to him late one night, amazed to find that a man who was notorious—he has since served his sentence in Atlanta Prison, Georgia—was a cultured, quiet man with an unending flow of informative conversation.

All we have seen of his shows here, I believe, are odd ideas stolen by other revue managers. Revue producers rob each other. Few of them create.

GEORGE WHITE, whose *Scandals* make him a yearly fortune, was a dancer. He is a man with an uncanny sense of the theatre.

Florenz Ziegfeld, who spends more on revue productions than any other two men, is always talking of bringing shows to London, but he never does. They could not pay, of course; that is why it is. He scours the world for beautiful women, and pays show girls as much as £60 a week. Ziegfeld married Billie Burke, who used to be a star in London.

As for Charles Dillingham, he is one of the quiet ones. He stays at the Carlton, and people seldom see him. He is violently pro-English. He stages plays by Lonsdale and things like that, and he recently contracted to pay Bobby Howes £450 a week when he goes over in *Mr. Cinders*.

Like many American stage folk, he was a newspaper reporter. Then he wrote a play, and it was so bad that, when he was rehearsing his speech in the dressing-room after the second act, Frohman went round and said, "Did you write this play? If so, you join me to-morrow. A man who can get on the stage a play as bad as that ought to be a manager." That was his start.

OH, yes, and then there is Al Woods, really Albert Herman, a Jew born on the East side. By the way, all but four of the seventeen managers I have mentioned are Jewish. He made a fortune out of *Nellie, the Cloak-room Model*, and cheap melodramas like that.

"I once had twenty-three plays on the road," he told me recently. "They were all the same play, but we called them different names."

He comes over here every year, interviews hundreds of actors and actresses, reads at least two plays every night in bed, calls everybody "Sweetheart," gives me a cigar the moment he sees me, and is sometimes most embarrassing.

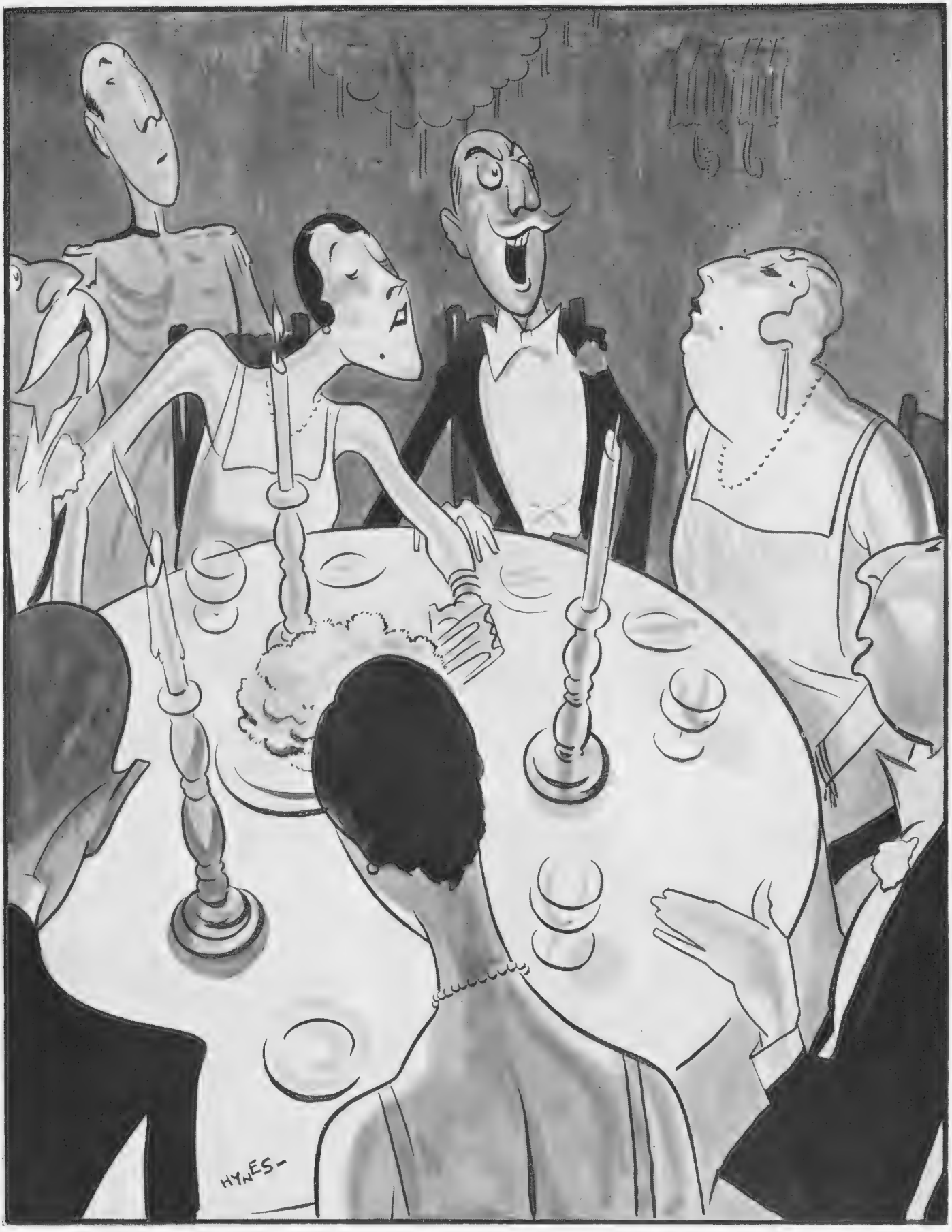
One day they opened, in the *Daily Express* office, a Marconigram that had come for me late at night.

"Good-bye, Sweetheart, love and kisses," it read.

It was from Al, who looks like a wall-eyed sheepdog.

Heaven knows what they thought in the office.

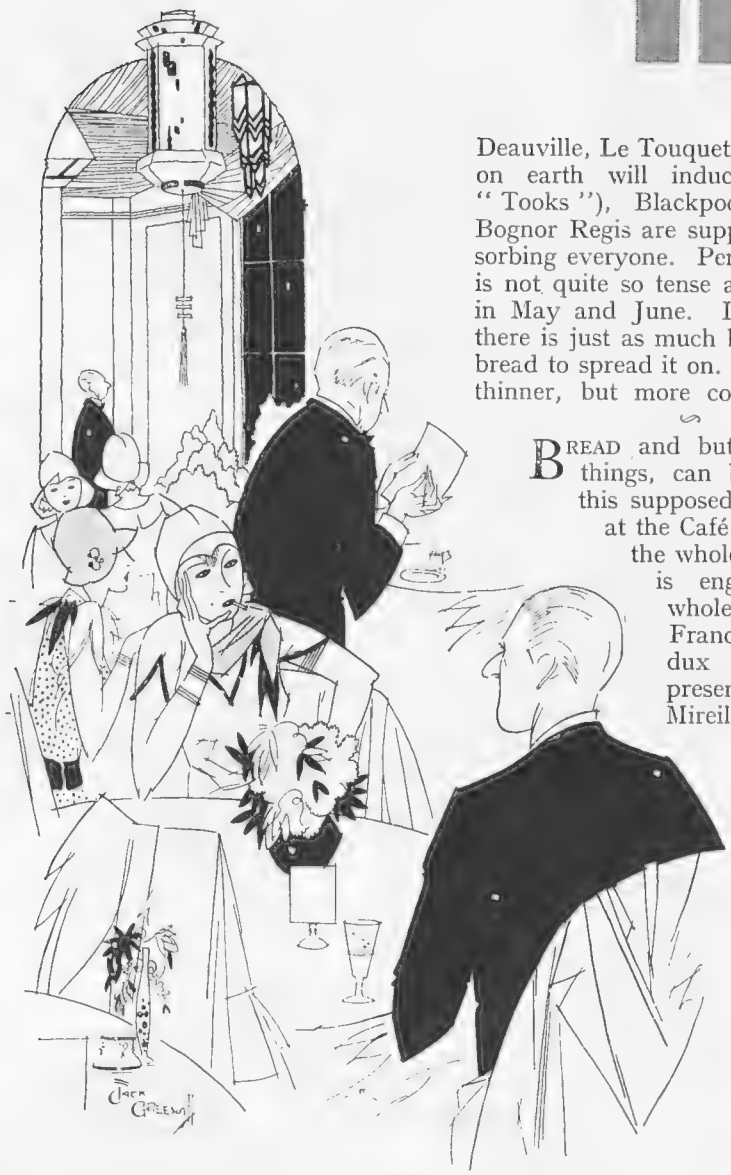
H.S.



BY HYNES

"How well your hair looks now that it has turned grey"
"How nice of you, dear, to call it my own hair"

if gossip



By Jack Greenall

"And what did the hat cost?"
"Oh, a mere song!"
"About how many notes?"

London is as likely to be as full throughout August as Battersea Park was on the Bank Holiday. Exactly how full that park was I know, for I happened to be one of those who helped to fill it (and of that more anon). But the days are gone when the Season, in the sense of the presence in London of a certain number of people, some of them decorative, with money to spend, comes to an end with a jerk on July 31. No longer true are the stories—I think apocryphal at any time—of those who cannot afford to go away sitting in Mayfair drawing-rooms behind drawn blinds and amid furniture swathed in brown holland. New plays are produced and new cabarets are opened—André Charlot's affair at Grosvenor House is a case in point as well as a show with one—just at the time when Scotland, Deauville, Le Touquet (which nothing on earth will induce me to call "Tooks"), Blackpool, Vichy and Bognor Regis are supposed to be absorbing everyone. Perhaps the gaiety is not quite so tense as it used to be in May and June. In other words, there is just as much butter but more bread to spread it on. So it is a little thinner, but more comprehensive.

Bread and butter, and other things, can be obtained in this supposedly dead month at the Café Anglais, where the whole of Rex Evans is engaged for the whole of it, with Miss Frances Mae Maddux functioning at present, and Mlle. Mireille for the last two weeks. At the Kit-Cat, Chaney and Fox and Hal Swain and his band keep things going. At the Café de Paris Morton Downey is singing, with dance music supplied by the New York Syncopators and the Blue Lyres. Although the restaurant portion of Ciro's is closed for redecoration, the grill-room remains open, and the more democratic grill-room of the Trocadero will continue to be enlivened by C. B. Cochran's "Down with Dora" cabaret. Cochran and Coward have, by the way, been in Paris in search of a French girl to play an important part in the American production of *Bitter Sweet*.

Battersea Park, where in the Naughty 'Nineties fashionable folk used to learn to ride bicycles and where clandestine appointments are still made (I knew an amorous couple who spent a week-end in an hotel off Cheapside), is a place where The Peepul can get nearly everything free, or nearly free. They can row on the lake, inspect the aviary, play clock golf, watch an open-air pierrot entertainment, jump hurdles, play lawn tennis on hard courts of almost any colour they like, and with partners of almost any colour, or merely doze. What the L.C.C. regulations forbid them to do, among a hundred and one other things, is to mend a chair, wash their clothes, or interfere with a butt or mantlet. So remember this point the next time you go to Battersea Park on a Bank Holiday, bent on interfering with a mantlet.

BEAUTY AT DEAUVILLE

Two different types of beauties who divided the first prize between them in a recent beauty contest at Deauville. On the left is Miss Ella van Heusen as Miss America, and on the right Mlle. Elizabeth Semon as Mlle. Europe. The latter is the taller and slighter of the two, and both possess perfect forms

we must

Cigarini

A new photograph of Jessie Matthews, the clever young leading lady of "Wake Up and Dream." This Cochran revue is still playing to packed houses at the London Pavilion

ABOVE all, there is in this Park food in plenty—of a sort. I say nothing against the wholesomeness of the sweets and sandwiches, the cups of tea "as mother makes it," and the glass bowls of greenish-yellow fluid of which if one were asked the prevailing ingredient the answer would not be a lemon. But why should it only be The Peepul who are allowed to feed in the open air or in a summer restaurant in the Parks of London? If Battersea Park may have its cheap restaurants, its buns and its tea-cups, why cannot St. James's Park have a first-rate resort, a *maison du premier ordre*? Assuredly, nothing ghastly would happen to London if there were among us just one counterpart of Paris's Armenonville, the Cascade or the Madrid. It could be well run and it would be well supported. A place where one could get a decent lunch for five shillings or seven-and-six would take up no more room than that which purveys a watercress tea at a bob. But it seems the L.C.C. will allow only those people to enjoy themselves who cannot afford to spend more than a few pence on the process. That, of course, is democracy and the brotherhood of man.

POOR Lord Loughborough was in many ways an attractive man, and I have met no one who knew him who was not grieved at his sad end. His chief fault seemed to be that he did not know how to organise his life properly, and was always in a bit of a muddle. He seemed to prefer, towards the end, to have no fixed home for any length of time, though I happen to know that the stories of his differences with his father were quite without foundation, for he and Lord Rosslyn were very fond of each other. He had a disappointment *de cœur* rather early in life, and that left its mark. The Duke of Westminster was a very staunch friend to him, and is, I believe, his children's godfather.

STRANGE and wonderful are certain attempts at whisky that can be obtained abroad. In France I have found good whisky on sale at most of the large towns, and though it is expensive, twelve francs for a goodly dash of it (into which they *will* put ice and a spoon) is not, perhaps, excessive. But for strange brands of poison one must visit the French colonial towns. I have been to some of these, and commend to the amusement of Lord Dewar such labels as:—

"Sir Campbell's jolly Scot wiski."

"Old Heatheer Wisky."

"King George Reel Skotch" (a masterpiece this, and most deadly of all),

"Warranted genuine whuskey."

Bassano

THINKING IMPERIALLY OR CONTINENTALLY?

Mr. Neville Chamberlain who recently contributed a striking article on THE EMPIRE AND INDUSTRY *in "The Empire Review." He pointed out that "If we do not think Imperially we shall have to think Continentally"*

WHERE EAST MEETS WEST IN AFRICA

A RECENT issue of THE BYSTANDER showed me that certain well-known Scotch personalities may be

Charles Derick, the tenor, and Burton Brown, the pianist, two youthful entertainers who are rapidly coming to the fore. They scored an immediate success at the Palladium, where they first appeared last month

I sampled them all and survive. Just!

SOME African natives, particularly in Morocco and Senegal, speak bad French. But very few speak American, and this in spite of every inducement for them to do so by means of gramophone records. Africa is flooded with American jazz records, bawling out words which the listeners do not understand, though sometimes they learn them, parrot-fashion. Thus one has jazz coming back to its original home *via* America and the mechanical-music factories. Perhaps the less cultured Laytons and Johnstones of Senegal (who do not hunt with the Pytchley or the Quorn) will refine the tunes that have come back to them in this curious fashion. There is ample opportunity. The sight in a fish-market of a huge nigger watering the pile of fish in front of him with a child's toy watering-can, beside a gramophone churning out "My inspiration is you," showed me that Kipling may sometimes be wrong, and that East and West may meet very close—and it was certainly very close.

A. Binder

Arimand Banu, the Indian snake dancer who is said to have hypnotic eyes and figure! Whether this is true or not, she has certainly scored a big success on the Continent and has hypnotised the management of the Winter Garden, Berlin, into giving her a large and well-merited contract

A SHAW THING

In a recent address Mr. Shaw stated that he could not possibly be mistaken for a horny-handed, fustian-coated workman, and said that he might be a rabid Conservative in two years' time.

PLEASE do not dub George Bernard Shaw
A horny-handed son of toil;
He certainly would not enjoy
To don a suit of corduroy
And all his working hours employ
In digging up the soil,
For he informs us now that he
Is very much a bourgoisie.

No, no! He must not be confused
With those who work with spades and picks;
In fact he will not guarantee
That in two years we shall not see
Him arm in arm with gay Lord B.
Our one and only Jix,
Whilst Die-hard Tories rise and bless
Their new-found leader, G. B. S.

But be he Tory, Lib. or Lab.,
Bright "red" or deepest "blue,"
No matter in what boat our Shaw
Decides to pull a party oar
He will continue evermore
To pull our legs hard, too—
That gesture which he often shows
With fingers to his Roman nose.

B. W.

THE MOVIES AND THE BLACKS

By Jack Greenall

"That fellow has a nerve, flirting with me"
"Where is he?"
"Sitting behind!"

indulging, with some reason, in a grouse that has nothing whatever to do with their native moors. Perhaps some printers—good, easy men—are, like the boy-assistant of the chemist on the jury in the trial in "Pickwick." That boy, though a good boy, had, as far as I remember, a fixed idea that syrup of senna was corrosive sublimate and Epsom Salts laudanum. Similarly, some excellent person, with whom I have nothing whatever to do, when arranging the titles of some photographs, seems to have had a fixed idea that the Duke of Montrose was Lord Carnegie and Lord Carnegie Lord Lovat. A third figure was, however, described with meticulous accuracy as a friend. To all, except that friend, The Bystander apologises.

I have heard much with which I agree on the subject of the showing of films to black races in countries where the white man is in a position of authority. We have among us those whose Socialism is quite respectably pink and who would, and do, argue that the white man has no business to be there at all, and the more his authority is lessened the better. Such people have in American films the best possible ally. I do not think the Oriental is much affected by scenes of vice on the screen, by the silly dinner-party orgies, and so forth, organised by Hollywood as the "punch" feature of the average new "movie." But he *is* affected by evidence of lack of dignity, and the figure in the average film who is invariably made to look undignified is the Englishman. The American producer sees to that. The American may be shown as a crook, as a grim-faced detective, flashing his metal badge, and so forth. But he is rarely, if ever, made to look a fool. In British colonies and in India such films should be forbidden by the authorities; elsewhere the British Consul should keep his eye open and make a protest whenever necessary.

By Hilary

"He dabbles in oils a little"
"An artist?"
"Oh no, a garage hand!"

Wide World Photos

"ENGAGED TO WED—BUT WILL THEY?"

This question is asked from Hollywood where Clara Bow, the "movie star," announces her engagement to Harry Richman, who is making his Hollywood debut complete with carefully waved hair, buttonhole, and "natty suiting." If the pose of the picture is natural, the lady is either very petulant or very coy

FILM NOTES

AN ENGLISH TRIUMPH

By LADY ELEANOR SMITH

John Longden and Anny Ondra meet the blackmailer (Donald Calthrop) in the tobacconist's shop. A scene from the new British talkie, "Blackmail"

"Blackmail," at the Capitol

I AM pleased to say that this is the English film for which we have all been waiting for some years. There have certainly been, from time to time, a number of British pictures which one could honestly describe as good, but these bright spots of our national film production have been few and far between, and even the best of them have usually been spoiled for the more sophisticated by a something or other which I can only describe as amateurish. That fine thriller, "The Ware Case," was ruined for many spectators by its poor photography and by the slabs of grease-paint with which the players saw fit to plaster their faces. Even the very charming "Constant Nymph" lost a certain amount of its appeal because it was filmed almost exactly as a stage play, and its sponsors seemed shy of the more intimate technique of the camera. "Shooting Stars" was an excellent satire, and as a *tour de force* resembled a fine display of fireworks, but, like the fireworks, it swiftly dwindled towards the end, and as a full-length screen drama lacked maturity and finish. Nevertheless, I am prepared to bet that Mr. Asquith will surprise America one day.

"BLACKMAIL," a "100 per cent." Talkie, is a mature, experienced,

Cyril Richard and Anny Ondra in another scene from the British talkie, "Blackmail." It was recently seen for the first time at the Capitol

L.N.A.

Corinne Griffith, who recently played the part of Lady Hamilton in "Nelson." She is seen above as Dolly Madison, the wife of James Madison, a famous president of the United States, in a new historical film

brilliant and capable piece of work. Alfred Hitchcock, the able director of this film, selected a melodramatic, highly-coloured story revolving round Scotland Yard, and proceeded to adapt it most skilfully to the medium of the talking-picture. His methods are always those of a man who has learned his craft behind a hundred grinding cameras; when he is filming a scene in a room he never forgets that this room is in a house, and that every house has several corners and many different angles. In a word, he realises, unlike the majority of English directors, that his job is in every respect a totally different one from that of the stage producer, whose scene must always remain a stationary one, to be regarded only from the point of view of those in the auditorium.

IF anything, Mr. Hitchcock's cameras are almost too restless. They flit about the set like will-o'-the-wisps, and his love of angles amounts to a veritable passion. This is, however, so much a fault in the right direction that one is quite prepared to wink even at his immoderate mania for staircases, any aspect of which he is apparently unable to resist. However, I rather agree with Mr. Hitchcock—speaking photographically, staircases are really very fascinating indeed.

IT was at all events a bad moment for Alice White, the heroine of "Blackmail," when she chose to ascend that long flight of stairs leading to the studio of an attractive but scoundrelly artist whom she had picked up at a popular restaurant after a quarrel with her fiancé, who was incidentally a detective at Scotland Yard. Somehow these film artists can always be relied upon to prove themselves sooner or later villains of the deepest dye, and in many years' experience of the movies I do not think I can recollect having once encountered an honest man who earned his living by his brush. Alice's boy friend is no exception to this rule, for, not content with having inveigled the girl into his studio at dead of night, and there plying her with alcoholic refreshment, he soon proceeds to make love to her in a violent and business-like fashion. Alice is a good girl, and, determined at all costs to protect the virtue so rudely threatened, she seizes a bread-knife and stabs the rascal dead.

THE girl returns home to the tobacconist's shop kept by her parents and comes down to breakfast in the morning to find the whole of her little world ghoulishly discussing what has already been christened "The Chelsea Murder." She sits listlessly at the table trying not to listen to the bloodthirsty gossip of her family and a well-known local character, but the word *knife*, repeated again and again with fiendish persistence, drives itself into her brain until she is inclined to scream aloud her guilt to the whole of London.

LATER on in the day the girl learns that Frank, her detective lover, has been put in charge of the case and that he has discovered one of her gloves in the studio. She has no sooner recovered from this shock than a stranger arrives to blackmail her. He was loitering about by the dead man's house and apparently watched through the window while she committed murder. This individual is in possession of Alice's other glove, and he has both the man and the woman at his mercy, one for murder, the other for being accessory after the fact. Then, while the blackmailer is calmly taking his ease in the parlour of the tobacconist and his wife, a telephone message comes through from Scotland Yard. A witness has come forward who recognised the stranger's photograph among those of wanted men, and Frank has orders to arrest him for the murder.

AT this point the film became for me one of sheer delight, for the simple reason that I adore a chase, and the blackmailer very obligingly leaped out of the window, to be pursued all over London and finally run to earth in the British Museum, from the roof of which he dashed himself to the ground, giving Frank just enough time to go back to Scotland Yard and prevent Alice giving herself up to the police.

"BLACKMAIL" should please everybody—the highbrows because it is intelligent and sensible drama unspoiled by blatant absurdities, and the lowbrows because it is a thrilling film packed throughout with excitement and incident. Anny Ondra, in the principal rôle, is an appealing blonde of the Mary Pickford type, whose voice is admirably doubled by Joan Barry. Donald Calthrop is excellent as the blackmailer, and fine work is done by John Longden as the detective and Cyril Ritchard (last seen in "Piccadilly") as the artist. Sara Allgood makes the tiny part of the mother very vivid, and Phyllis Monkman, as the murder-loving gossip, is a comedienne who should be seen again on the screen as soon as possible.

On no account should any film fan miss "Blackmail." E. S.

BY CHICOT

"I hear you were married one day last week"
"To be exact, it was three days!"

BY JORGEN MYLLER

AN OCEAN WAVE

EXTREME V

BY LEON HERON

E R M (Y) O U T H

BY BAIRD

TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

CALAMITY

By JOHN TALLAND

Illustrated by C. Morse

"WELL, that's that!" concluded Mat Finnigan, taking a cigarette from his pocket and thrusting it between his thin lower lip and yellow upper teeth. "How you feelin' Young 'Un?"

Young Mat smiled the sophisticated smile of the habitual and hardened criminal. At nineteen he felt as old, as experienced, as tough as any of his father's associates.

His answer: "Don't you worry 'bout *me*," was uttered in tones affected to inspire full confidence. The way in which he spat on the concrete floor, and lit a cigarette, and inhaled to the full extent was calculated to further that confidence.

HE was down for a tenth share of the haul—assessed at £30,000—for his part of the adventure which had just been discussed and rehearsed, as far as possible, by the conference sitting in the banana ripening cellar of Finnigan and Son, Banana Merchants.

"I'll do my little bit all right—if you'll do yours!" and again he ejected a thin jet of spittle from between his teeth in the most skilful manner. His defiant stare was perhaps directed more at Ikey Mo than the others. That nondescript took it as a personal challenge. His eyes narrowed to thin slits.

"You let us down," he piped in his shrill falsetto, "an' see what happens! We made these arrangements perfect we 'ave—an' if they fail 'cos o' you—gettin' chicken 'earted or somethin'"—he tapped his bulging pocket significantly and finished—"I'll wring yer neck with me own 'ands!"

"Shut it off!" interposed Louis Brant, glowering from beneath his heavy eyebrows. "The Young 'Un's all right. What you wanna start a row about now? You feelin' all right, aren't you, Mat?" he concluded anxiously, giving the lie to his own confidence.

"Listen here," said Young Mat vehemently to the assembly, "I'm in with you, and I'm only sorry I'm not allowed *in* the job—on the spot—see? I'd show you somethin' then! I've worked with you before, haven't I? Ever known me scared? Of anything? I'm not feared of God, Man or living thing, and I'd prove it, too—if I was with you!" His eyes flashed as he spoke.

"Well, that's that," drawled Mat Finnigan, senior, again. "Let's get these points fixed right. You, Fred, have got to have that aeroplane of yours all fixed up, full of juice (don't forget that!) and behind those trees about a mile off the main road where we'll be. Keep her ready to kick off at any moment in case we're followed—tho' I'm not afraid of that!

"Louis and Ikey Mo an' me 'ull be just on the bend where we worked and fixed the 'phone. Ikey 'ull drive the waggon, and we'll be drawn up in the side turning with the rear of the waggon facing the road so I can get the gun facing the roadway. Louis 'ull be by the roadside out of sight with the smoke bombs.

"Now all depends on the Young 'Un. We've given him the responsible job. He's got to watch them discharging the stuff from the ship. They'll get it out and away in two blinks of yer eye. We know it's going up to London by road, and it's certain that, besides the double guard with the driver, there's going to be a police car. We know that. What the stuff will be—the bullion—I don't know, but I've got it straight that it's in cases, and it's worth over thirty thousand quid. I hope it's quids, but it may be bars.

"Now from the ship to the place we've chosen is fifteen and a half miles. If those cars average more than thirty miles an hour it'll be a wonder. So from the minute the Young 'Un gives us the tip they're away, we'll have just about half an hour to get set and ready for 'em!

"Mat, I'll give you a test call 'ere on the 'phone about an hour after we leave, and then we'll hold the line between us until I get your report. You'll have plenty of time then to get out and down to the ship and keep us posted. Get all the information you can. But mind this! What we want to know most important is: which car is first—the police car, or the doings. Get that in your nut! The exact time they leave—and which car is first! You ought to be back here with the news within a couple of minutes of them getting away.

"Now I'm banking the police car will lead—as a pilot. They'll travel fast. When they're nearly due we'll let off the first smoke bomb in the ditch on the windward side of the road. That'll blow the smoke across an' make a screen. The place, being on a bend in the road, they'll slow up. Then we'll let the police car get away—if it's first—the road being bendy they'll get some way before they see they're not followed—and we'll bag the second—on the other side of the smoke screen.

"In any case—we're going to get that stuff—if I have to turn the machine gun *on both cars*. It don't matter to me, if I swing for one or six. But I'm not swinging—nor are any of us! There's going to be no mistakes. None of you are new to the game, and I'm not frightened you'll lose you 'eads. This is going to be easy—take it from me! In Chicago Louis and me put it across 'em in the Street—outside the Bank. This is a picnic compared to that. Ain't it, Louis?"

LOUIS BRANT smiled enigmatically and waved his dark head from side to side in complete agreement. He was seated, as were the others, on an upturned box. All around were the yellow bunches of bananas, hanging suspended by strings from the ceiling. The atmosphere, hot and dry from excessive gas-heating, had made him thirsty, and he eyed with longing the bottle of whisky which stood beside Mat Finnigan's box. But it was not to be touched yet. He knew how wise was the edict that had been issued. No drinks until the last moment, and then not too much. With a powerful wrench he broke off a banana from the bunch that jogged his elbow. He peeled it deliberately and flung away the skin.

"As easy as eating fruit," he mumbled, grinning, with mouth overfull. He felt the simile was apt.

Mat Finnigan concluded his peroration. "Well—we're away then. Fred, you go first and signal us at the bend, when your 'plane's O.K. and in position. Louis and me 'ull fix the gun and see to that. Young 'Un, put this bottle in the car, and no swigs on the way. You got your gun primed? You all got your guns?"

Only Young Mat gave the reassuring touch to his hip pocket where the flat automatic reposed. It was a theatrical action. The others were conscious of heavier metal, one in each side pocket, dragging at their coats. Heavy forty-fives are not appropriate wear for civilian garb. They merely nodded.

They were all a little apprehensive, although, with the exception of Young Mat, all were salted with the experience of previous hold-ups. It was the tie that bound them together. And when America had become too hot to hold them they had looked for something easier. The American style of hold-up seemed to have been unexploited in England—where the cops only carried little sticks except on special duty—and were probably not quite so quick to draw when occasion warranted.

The job now contemplated certainly seemed a snip. Their information was sound. The quiet countryside an ideal

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place; the 'plane a sure means of escape, the bombs, the machine gun, the armoured car, all very protective and reassuring.

Finnigan's brains, best of all, made him an ideal leader. The banana business had been his idea. It was good camouflage. With his son, Young Mat, as partner he led a respectable life and made a little money by honest trade. The two paid hands, Ikey Mo and Louis handled and cut up the fruit. The cadaverous Fred was "the cashier." (Although Finnigan himself handled the cash.) The cellar where the bananas were ripened, a soundproof council chamber and hiding-place. And the fast motor lorry, advertising on removable boards the name of Finnigan and Son, Banana Merchants, was not only a necessary adjunct to the business, but also a speedy and indispensable means of transport for themselves and anything valuable that might require to be moved under cover. Already they had made a few quiet and respectable burglaries. The proceeds had been moderately satisfactory—nearly enough to pay for the van. It was an innocent-looking van, though obviously powerful. But its walls were of steel, bullet-resisting; and it had a hinged flap in the rear panel which, when raised, would presently reveal the muzzle of a machine-gun, ingeniously mounted in the body.

BEHIND this gun, on a little seat, Mat Finnigan himself would sit, and if occasion made it necessary he would not hesitate to press his thumbs hard down on the firing mechanism to send the belt of cartridges jumping out of the box at the side, and send a stream of bullets to shatter human opposition to his demands.

He supervised the mounting of the gun himself, testing the action of the lock and casting a critical eye at the loaded cartridge belt. His thin face was devoid of any expression, but within the tiny pupils of his almost colourless eyes was a hard glint that might have betrayed resolution—or utter recklessness—or cruelty—or greed. His plans were made. So far as human foresight and clever organisation could make them, they were perfect. The two cars would stop just where he wanted them—and then—he would see to the rest. Finnigan knew he could rely on his associates. He had no fear of them. But if any one, even his son, Young Mat, failed at the crucial moment, he would deal out punishment that would be terrible. And he knew that they understood. His reputation was enough for that.

Young Mat stood by the van watching them as they prepared to move off. With his hands in his pockets and a cigarette end hanging perilously from his lower lip he affected a nonchalance, a studied indifference to the importance of the occasion. In his mind he was trying to imagine it was a picnic they were going to—not a killing. He was torn both ways. He wanted to go and prove his worth, and show them that he was as good a man (or desperado) as any one of them. He felt that his part—important as he knew it to be, was a minor one. It was not in the limelight, and, loving the limelight, he half wished that it could be. But not quite. There was a steady pulsation of his heart that told of nerves. It was beating too strongly for comfort.

Suppose they met a stern opposition and the hold-up developed into a revolver fight? Would he like that? He thought not. But it was of himself he thought—not the others—not even of his father. So long as they got the "stuff" he would feel no sorrow for the fallen. He rather exulted in the knowledge of that fact. It signified to him the proper hardness of heart that should earn him speedy recognition as being really tough. He, too, wanted to acquire a reputation.

THE van moved off and disappeared out of the yard. There were no good-byes. They might have been going to an ordinary burglary. Young Mat took a look at the rising sun (it was early morning), threw away his cigarette end and slouched back into the store. He had just an hour to waste before playing his part. Inside the van, driven through quiet country by-roads by Ikey Mo, Louis Brant and Finnigan Senior sat eating cold sausages and bananas. Owing to their methods of cating, conversation was limited and desultory.

Presently Finnigan, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, said: "How you feelin', Louis?"

"I'm fine," said Louis.

"I'm splittin' away after I got my share," said Finnigan. "We gotter be scattered. It's too big for us to hang together."

"Don't be so sure you got it yet," said Louis Brant, anxiously. "I never count what I'm gonna do 'till I got it. Something ma*y* . ."

"Shut up your face, Louis! I never seen you so miserable. Here, take a small one out of this." He passed the

"Shut it off!" interposed Louis

whisky bottle. "That's enough!" and he reached for the bottle again.

"I got a feeling—a feeling we're gonna be let down," confessed Louis, wiping his lips. "I gotta hunch! An', my cripes, if it's any one of us let us down they got *me* to reckon with!" His slow drawl had risen with restrained excitement.

"You needn't worry," said Finnigan. "It's up to me, an' nobody *is* going to let us down—unless *you* gets funky."

There was no reply to this, and in silence the van sped smoothly on its way. Presently it stopped, and Iky Mo's face peered through the front partition.

"'Ere you are," he piped.

THEY jumped down and looked around. Within a few minutes the car had been run into its side turning, the wind tested for direction, the 'plane located and signalled, and the ground carefully reconnoitred, a field telephone set was connected to wires previously laid and tested, and while Mat Finnigan tried to establish connection, Louis Brant built a little roadside fire of paper, leaves and twigs to test, in miniature, the effect his more noxious smoke bombs would create. Ikey Mo busied himself with an oil-can on the van.

Presently Brant walked over to where Mat Finnigan was listening at the instrument. "Have you got him?" he asked.

Finnigan shook his head.

"I can't get him yet," he said. "Maybe he's out lookin' round. I'll try again in a few minutes."

But although he tried again and again until his face set in grim lines of anger, the instrument was silent.

"Is it cut?" enquired Louis anxiously.

Finnigan shook his head. "I can hear it buzzing," he said. "And it was working perfect last night. The young

Brant . . . "The Young 'Un's all right. What you wanna start a row about?"

devil isn't there! I'll flay him! They ought to be moving the stuff soon."

Time passed, overhead the larks twittered unheeded. The little group around the telephone began to show frayed tempers. They had been nearly two hours trying to establish communication with Young Mat on the telephone without success. Their anxious eyes turned frequently to the main road. There had been scarcely any traffic, but now, whenever the distant hum of a motor or motor cycle was heard, they looked startled.

THEY were unprepared. This breakdown in the organisation was unforeseen. Young Mat's part had been simple enough. He had failed. Trouble was brewing for him.

"Trouble is when to know how soon to expect 'em," muttered Finnigan. "Go and lay a smoker down Louis. We'll stop everything! We won't let anything through! I'll stand by the gun. Wave your arm if anything comes round the bend."

But he spoke too late. Even before Louis Brant had moved towards the road, the roar of an approaching motor rose to a crescendo, passed, and was quickly followed by another. They had a glimpse of a shining black closed van—the second car, and simultaneously the three men shouted.

"They've gone!"

"After them!"

"Hell!"

But no one moved. The futility of chasing was obvious. They had come to surprise and had, instead, been surprised. It was all over. For a moment the men looked at each other with varying expressions. Incredulity, chagrin, disappointment, amazement and then anger. . .

Louis Brant strode to the van and grasped the whisky bottle. He applied it to his mouth and gulped steadily. Ikey Mo began to pour out a stream of the most profane words that would come to his bidding. His squeaky voice became a cracked discordant scream.

Mat Finnigan said nothing, did nothing. But his hands clenched and unclenched. His teeth clamped together. His eyes became mere slits of orange coloured light.

They were all thinking of Young Mat.

If Young Mat had known what they were thinking it might have made him very uncomfortable. But he did not know.

When the van had gone and he turned back to the store he knew he had an hour to waste. Normally, time-killing was a pleasurable enough occupation. He could smoke and pick his teeth with a match-end. But now his nerves were making him fidgety. He went down to the cellar with the idea of testing the telephone connections. They seemed to be in order. Then he proceeded to making himself a cup of tea. He had to drink it without milk or sugar, and it was hardly acceptable to a palate accustomed to sickly sweetness. He mooned about with hands plunged deep into trousers pockets. His mouth felt foul from a variety of causes, the late effects of whisky and too many cheap cigarettes being two of them. The only food in the store was fruit—bananas.

He went back to the cellar to obtain a supply. As he flung back the door a whiff of hot, gas-heated air, lately flavoured with the smoke of the conference and carrying strong exudations of gas from the fruit itself, enveloped him. The cellar was lit only by the gas jet low down on the ground that heated the air to ripen the fruit. From habit he closed the door after him to conserve the heat. Then, in the uncertain light, he proceeded to choose a banana. He wanted a ripe one, and the bunches were not quite ready for the cutting knife. It was on the fourth bunch he examined that he saw the spider.

It jolted him upright with surprise to find his face within seven or eight inches of it. A huge hairy thing, with stilt-like legs as long as a man's middle finger and a fat bloated body. Its eyes protruded, malevolent and piercing. Truly a wonderful spider. Young Mat had never seen anything like it. For a moment he stood staring at it, fascinated and curious. The spider moved slightly, and he stepped back a pace.

"What a whopper!" he murmured. Vague thoughts of catching it filled his head. It was a masterpiece of a spider, and worthy of an honoured place as an exhibit. But a thought obtruded itself. The bananas came from Central America, where scorpions and snakes abounded. Perhaps this spider was one of the blood-sucking variety he had heard about when he was small. It looked horrible enough for anything. No doubt it had come over concealed in the bunches of fruit, kept alive by insects. Would it jump out at him and suck his blood? At the thought he felt a cold shiver pass down his back. He kept at a respectable distance, and the spider, as if reading his thoughts, executed a little shuffle which made him jump again. Then it remained passive, but with its eyes fixed on his, and he, curious at the unfamiliar sight and marvelling at the size of the thing, approached closer again. He even held up his thumb to compare its size with the spider's fat body. Presently he found a long straw and tickled it. The spider scurried away to security, and for a minute was lost to sight.

It reappeared after a vain attempt to get round to the other side of the bunch, and again it shuffled and seemed to blink its horrid eyes.

JUST then the telephone bell tinkled, and Mat was brought back with a jerk to the realities of life. Father was testing the 'phone. The time had passed quickly. He would kill the spider and get on with the business.

He drew the automatic pistol from his hip pocket. The cellar was soundproof, so that noise did not matter. It would be good shooting practice.

Raising the pistol with a steady hand he took aim along the sights and pressed the trigger.

There was a deafening report, a primrose stab of flame—but the spider was still on the bunch, though one of the yellow banana pods above had a clean hole drilled through it. He raised the pistol again, and for the second time he missed. This time the spider scuttled on its long legs. There was something uncanny about it.

The telephone continued to ring intermittently. He half resolved to leave the shooting practice until he had answered the call, but the instrument was on the wall very near to the bunch of fruit on which the spider played hide and seek. It might jump down his neck while he was speaking. He decided to have one more shot before going to the telephone.

The spider reappeared in a favourable position. He approached a little closer and took aim, facing more towards the light from the gas jet.

Again the report of the pistol stunned his senses—but this time darkness followed. The gas jet had flickered and gone out.

That was very odd.

At the same time he seemed to feel in the intense darkness a tickling across his face. He whirled around, shrank, and fired the pistol twice indiscriminately into the darkness.

Where was the thing? Which side? Furiously he slapped his head, dropped the pistol, and wiped his hands over his face, hair, and neck to be certain it was not upon him. As he moved something touched his cheek. It was the cold caress of a bunch of the hanging fruit, but the shock sent him stumbling back. His heel landed fairly on a discarded banana skin, his feet shot into the air, and he fell heavily, striking the back of his head on the cement floor.

THE telephone bell continued to tinkle as he lay on the floor senseless, and when it finally ceased the hiss of the escaping gas pouring into the room from the punctured pipe was the only sound that broke an otherwise intense silence.

When the van finally stopped in the yard the three men dropped from it with considerable haste. Their faces clearly showed they were in a condition that boded ill for someone. Brant's eyes had narrowed—either from whisky or rage—nearly to a squint. Ikey Mo was livid. Mat Finnigan Senior had lost his temper. His expression was murderous.

They tumbled down the stairs on top of each other, uncomplaining of the others' clumsy feet. Mat Finnigan led the party, Brant following, and Ikey Mo closely in the rear. Brant stopped to pick up a heavy banana stalk, which he swung menacingly. It was Mat Finnigan who swung back the door of the cellar and who stood in the doorway peering into the darkness.

"Gas!" he breathed.

Ikey Mo pushed past him . . . and struck a match to see . . .

J. T.

Cigarini

MISS ISABEL JEANS

Who appeared in "Beauty" during its short run at the Strand Theatre. She was the Beauty of the title and played the part with ease

PARIS GOSSIP

CRISIS AND CREATIONS

By SYLVIA LYON *Illustrated by NORMAN KAY*

"A gendarme approached me and said something about my 'circulation'"

FIVE events of importance were to happen in Paris this week, so in order to obtain a more objective viewpoint on the events, I avoided most of them: I just went to the country to do a little quiet thinking. But the results were more quiet sleeping and eating, and some highly intellectual games such as Twenty Questions, and whatever that game is whereby one selects a letter such as C, and tries to name as many famous people as possible whose names begin with C. It seems that the only C's I could think of were Callot, Chanel, and Chantal, which shows how my mind runs; but, after all, many of the dressmakers would be showing their collections this week, that being one of the important events (that I was trying to avoid). In spite of my being out of Paris that week-end, Alain Gerbault, who has just returned from a five-year solitary sail in his ten-ton yacht, the Firecrest, and whose book, *A La Pursuite du Soleil,* has just been published, sailed into Havre, came to Paris, went to the Stade Rolande Garros to see the Davis Cup matches, and was kissed on both cheeks by Jean Borotra. After that, Gerbault played a little tennis himself, and went back to Havre.

ONE of my hard-working boy friends who had to stay in town on business—that is to say, he lunched at Armenonville, went to the Davis Cup finals and then dined at the Ambassadeurs—said that after the match a phonograph disc of the "Marseillaise" was broadcast. Everyone rose, of course, except about five thousand Americans who didn't recognise the song. Then about fifteen thousand Frenchmen screamed "Chapeau! chapeau!" and the Americans didn't understand that either, until one startled and elderly American seated near Edward had his hat impolitely knocked off. After the "Marseillaise," Borotra ordered the "Star-Spangled Banner" to be broadcast, and they all went rushing around but couldn't find the disc, so they had to compromise by giving that one-two, one-two-three stamp to cheer the American team, so that the whole Stade nearly collapsed.

Two other Parisian incidents were what is known as a Ministerial Crisis and the warning, if nothing else, of a threatened Communist uprising to take place on August 1.

LAST week I said that President Poincaré had made so many speeches that he had to go to bed, and I am sorry I made so light of it, because he really has to undergo an operation, and it has nothing to do with speech-making.

I AM writing this in bed (I like to write in bed, because that is where Mark Twain did most of his writing; I used to paint, and always bought the same kind of canvas that Dégas used, but what I painted certainly bore no artistic resemblance to Dégas), and my bed is covered with newspapers. I am trying to figure out what this Ministerial Crisis was all about. I do know that Poincaré is out, and Briand is Premier. That's all. I very nearly caused a Ministerial Crisis myself this afternoon. Walking home from down-town I passed the Elysée just at the moment when a line of motor cars was driving out. I saw Chéron, the Finance Minister, and wanted to see who were in the other cars, when a gendarme approached me and said something about my "circulation." I was about to ask, "Do I *look* anæmic?" when I gathered that I could not stand there to watch the Ministerial Crisis. So I came home and, after reading *Le Temps, L'Intransigeant* and *La Liberté,* I know that Briand, now Premier while still holding his portfolio of Foreign Affairs, will have a double authority at the forthcoming Hague Conference; and that Edouard Herriot, the Socialist Mayor of Lyons, had breakfast this morning with Briand, who asked him to take part in the Cabinet; but Herriot refused. Probably Briand didn't give him a

Continued on page 370)

H. W. Nicholls

THE TRYSTING PLACE

A peep at the river from the heights near Cliveden. Lord Astor has decided to maintain Cliveden Reach and the heights adjoining it as a private open space, thus ensuring their preservation for all time

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 368)

very good breakfast. Herriot, by the way, has just brought out an excellent book on Beethoven. The maid just came into my room, and I asked her what she thought of this Crisis; and she said it was too bad that Poincaré had to resign, as he is a wonderful man. "He is so clever," she said, "that he was too good for the Presidency; that is why he was made Premier. It's better not to have a man with too many brains in the Elysée." The Presidential palace is one of the loveliest eighteenth century buildings in Paris, and once belonged to Madame La Pompadour. It is too bad that one cannot see her riding out of the entrance instead of the President, because if they have to have someone without brains in the palace, they might as well have somebody who is beautiful.

LOUIS BARTHOU, who remains as Minister of Justice, is an atheist, bibliophile, and member of the Académie Française. He also has large bumps behind his ears, as he is crazy about music. André Tardieu, the Minister of the Interior, was once reported engaged to Miss Anne Morgan. Briand, before his political career, was editor of *La Lanterne*, an anti-clerical paper of the second "Tant Pire" period.

I HAVE always had a squeamish feeling, while viewing a dress collection, upon reading the over-important names given to models. The other day, in going to see Chantal's fall showing, I suggested to the directrice that she give the dresses funny names instead of romantic or precious ones, so that the buyers now in Paris would have something to laugh about. For never have I seen such *blasé* but serious faces. One would think they were out buying kitchen utensils. When a pale green dress went by I said, "Why not call that 'Applesauce'?" My suggestion was not in the least appreciated. So to-day, to my delight and surprise, I found one *couturier* who gives lovely silly names to his creations. He is Norman Hartnell. He calls them "Whynot" and "Whatnot," "Trot Along," "Rather Fishy," "Rather Dotty," "That's Irish," "Stuff and Nonsense." His wedding gowns are simply gorgeous, and I adore his idea of having an accompanying bridesmaid dressed in black, as if she were angry at something. I vaguely recall

"One would think they were out buying kitchen utensils"

Hartnell's saying, "That's 'Hush Money,'" but I am not sure. There is one wedding dress worth getting married for: the dress palely, vaguely blue satin, the skirt falling into long, slender, low falls, the train formed not by the skirt, but by the sleeveless powder-blue mediæval coat, embroidered in small patterns of pearls. "Because flower bouquets stain the gloves and dress, and fade before your eyes, I have made bouquets of silken flowers. So practical," said Norman Hartnell, "like the artificial funeral wreaths of the French. Anyhow, as long as the bridegroom has to pay for the bridal bouquet he might as well buy flowers the girls will have to remember him by."

LINES are going back to the old Princess, girls, so get thin before the fall. A great deal of black velvet will be worn, and a new ribbed velvet that resembles a light-weight silken corduroy. The big fur will be breitschwanz, even for hats. Maria Guy combines it with felt, and uses very flat brown breitschwanz for a large afternoon hat. Grey is coming in, grey flannel for sport suits.

LAST night I telephoned to the country to congratulate the Princesse Marthe Bibesco on her new book, *Jour d'Egypte*. "I am glad I wrote it," she said, "before Lloyd's demission, or else they would blame it on my book!" For *Jour d'Egypte* is a brilliant gathering of impressions of Egypt, the result of a visit there, four years ago, as the guest of Lord Lloyd. The book is filled with beautiful imagery and a perfectly astounding knowledge of history, religion, archæology, politics and people. Speaking of Lord Lloyd, "En Egypte c'est Hou, dieu du Commandement." I will translate her entrance to Alexandria in a "motor boat of dazzling whiteness, run by a great devil of a mameluke dressed in scarlet. . . . I think of one other arrival in this same harbour, but not in this same fast seashell, which stirs up such beautiful moustaches of foam. Before the miracle that is motor and its mystery, before all that runs upon the water by means of fire, I think of the joys denied to Alexander, to Cæsar, and that it is we who live their mythology." Of the Pyramids: "The point is destined to capture the forces of heaven, to make them descend to earth by the four inclines. A toboggan for the stars." "One does not have to read the Bible in the desert; one feels as though one could write it." "Upon returning from having lunch with a Pasha the friend of Hou asks me: 'Why don't they like us?' Who could love the power and happiness of another. Envy, jealousy, imitation, that is what the word English creates over all the earth. But love! . . . France is beloved, but she is the unhappy heroine. . . . Jeanne d'Arc ended badly. So did Napoleon. The monarchy of Louis XVI, which all Europe envied, finished on the scaffold. . . . The great English sovereigns, Henry VIII, Elizabeth, Cromwell, Victoria, died in their beds, and they are not lovable.

S. L.

BY FOUET

LAWYER: *"Well—er—if you want my honest opinion . . . . . "*
CLIENT: *"No, no—I want your professional advice!"*

BY JACK GREENALL

"I'm rather worried about the outcome of my marriage"
"That's nothing, dear, if the income's all right"

COMMENTS OF CHLOE

CAR SMASHES and the SECRET SERVICE

PEOPLE keep meeting me and saying, "Chloe, when are you going away for a holiday?" and I say weakly, "I don't know"; and, of course, they think that nobody has asked me to go anywhere, and it isn't true, only I can't make up my mind where to go. In the meantime I get letters from people at the Lido and at Deauville, and in Norway and in Scotland, and I read all the advertisements of the big shipping companies, and I remain where I am.

"The insurance people are becoming inquisitive"

I THINK a holiday should be like a kiss, inevitable and taken, just because you simply can't bear to do without it. I don't like the conventional kiss that a man gives you in a taxi, a sort of thank-offering for a pleasant evening, "no-offence-meant - none - taken" kind of thing. When you kiss it should be as if heaven and earth had met in a rosy flaming flash, and if the end of all things came that minute you wouldn't care. So if you wonder what kisses have to do with holidays, and why I have digressed, you must just pull yourselves together and realise that all geniuses are a little involved in their style.

I WOULD like a holiday, but there is no place, at the moment, where I feel I simply must go, and, as a matter of fact, if there were, I should have nothing to go in, because I managed to smash my Hillman Straight Eight in eight different pieces, only they were none of them straight. And if you believe that a motor accident gives you no time to think about death, you are quite wrong, because I thought about it quite a lot as we plunged across the road, and dashed through a fence as though it were made of butter and finally impaled ourselves on a tree.

"You would have fallen into one another's arms"

ROBERT and I were proceeding to a dog show, so when we had quite finished shattering and hissing (I mean the car had finished) we stepped out and were immediately surrounded by at least ten people who all gave us brandy. Well, Robert refused the brandy and looked hopefully for a bone, seeing as everybody was in a very kind and melting mood, and eventually somebody produced a beef sandwich for him, and called him "poor doggie," a form of address he loathes; but he put up with it for the sake of the sandwich, and after I had had a drink from everybody's flask I felt much better and as though accidents weren't such bad things after all.

SO we went on to the show and got a Challenge Certificate, and came home and left the car to be mended, but now the insurance people are becoming inquisitive and are asking me most intimate questions about my age and sex, and whether I was sober and why I did it. So as I can't remember much about it, and all I can recollect about witnesses is that they gave me brandy, I don't know when I shall see the car again. Anyhow, I expect she is a "killer," like some ships are, so perhaps she had better stay where she is, and can do no more harm.

BUT it is obvious that I can't have a holiday, because I can't bear trains in August, as they are full of parrots and sticky babies; and while I quite realise that parrots and babies must travel, I would rather let them have the carriage to themselves and get down to it. Of course, if you are a "true woman," you welcome the little toddlers putting their sticky hands on your lap, and you adore to hear the parrot singing ribald sailors' songs and using language that would make a trooper turn pale, but then I have never pretended to be a "nice gurl," so I shall stay at home.

PEOPLE arrange their holidays too much and make plans beforehand, which spoils everything It is just like arranging to meet a man on a certain day at a certain place. If you had blundered into each other it would have been heavenly and you would have fallen into one another's arms, but when it is all cut and dried you have nothing to say, and you feel all "hot and bothered."

IF I go to Deauville I shall see Carmen Peneranda looking more

"Agents have to seduce Grand Dukes"

exquisite and mahogany-coloured than ever, and I shall feel jealous of her clothes; and I shall see the King of Spain, and probably Freddie Guest, and as I have seen them all the summer and talked to them continually it won't be much of a holiday. And if I go to the Lido I shall see "Sita" Forbes, and although I think she is one of the most decorative women I know and I like her, I can gaze upon her charms in England.

S

I SHOULD rather like to take a holiday in a caravan and to go across Europe and down the Valley of Roses into Constantinople. I believe it is a fascinating trip and I would like to see Constantinople again. The last time I went there was by sea, and I stayed with "Tim" Harrington, who was commanding the Army of Occupation, and who was having a lively time with Odette Kahn, a charming Soviet agent. (It is always considered polite in the best Intelligence circles to speak of "Agents" instead of "spies," just as you refer to a man's "salary" instead of his "wages."

S

ODETTE threatened to kill "Tim," and also expressed the pious hope that she herself would go to Hell in order that she might have the exquisite pleasure of seeing him burning in everlasting flames, and if you don't call that a truly complimentary hate, I do. I met her once and rather liked her. She didn't look like the spy in fiction, but then very few of them do, and, in addition, it would be quite unsuitable if they did, because it is essential that they should be able to work unnoticed. Of course in novels, agents have to seduce Grand Dukes who leave the plans of secret fortresses lying about on convenient tables, but in reality the work is very dull, and, as a rule, ill-paid, so if you are thinking of becoming an agent and making a little pocket money—don't.

S

ON the other hand, it fascinates some people, and if you knew the number of men and women with whom you come in daily contact in what are known as the "smart" houses in England who do valued Intelligence work you would be staggered. There is Lord ——, and Princess ——, and a very pretty girl who is supposed to have had more proposals than anybody else. I wish I might just once write an unexpurgated article on what I know about people. It would be so well worth reading and everybody would grovel at my feet, so as to prevent me saying anything more about them.

S

AT present in the polo world the great excitement is as to who will form the team next year when we make our die-hard attempt to win back the Cup. I love listening to the wise-acres who think they know everything. So listen to me and remember afterwards what a good prophet I was. The little know-alls say that the team will consist of P. K. Wise, C. Tremayne, Phipps-Hornby, and Roarke. Well, I am pretty sure that Wise won't be one of 'em, and although I think that Charlie Tremayne will go as Captain, I don't expect he will play. I don't suppose that we shall win the Cup, but that is no reason for being pessimistic about English polo.

Chloe

IN AN AFRICAN GARDEN L.N.A.

These goddesses are young South Africans, the pupils of Miss Cecile de Barke, photographed in a garden in Cape Town

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

Is Dorset So Dreadful?

By RALPH STRAUS

E. O. Hoppe

SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN

Whose new novel, "The Fiddler" (Constable), is reviewed in these pages It is a love story set in Portuguese East Africa

I HAVE now read the six hundred and forty-four pages of Mr. John Cowper Powys's novel, *Wolf Solent* (Cape: 15*s.*), and I can say without hesitation that it is a remarkable book; in fact, a very remarkable book indeed. There is, I think, a touch of genius about it; in places it certainly takes you with it up to the Hardy heights. That, however, is not to say that you will necessarily like it. On the contrary, I can easily imagine your disliking it intensely.

❋

NOW, Mr. Powys has spent many years of his life in America, but he has not forgotten his Dorset, and, geographically speaking, here is Dorset as it was just before the War—I fancy that must be the date—to the life. Rarely does an English county, even one in the glorious West, find so gracious a cartographer. These fields and lanes and queer, primitive places are the real Dorset, and nobody in his senses could find a word to say against Mr. Powys's splendidly vivid panorama of its beauties.

❋

BUT its natives! Reading this book, I assure you, you would imagine that it must be peopled almost solely by the dreadfullest folk. You would think that nobody could be a true man of Dorset unless he were ready and willing to commit all the sins ever invented, rape and incest, and goodness knows what else.

❋

WELL, I dare say Dorset has its fair share of uncomfortably abnormal affairs. There must be many men not unlike the squire of King's Barton, whose hobby it is to delve into the most scabrous old scandals of the neighbourhood. And there must be others like the lecherous old bookseller who supplies him with the pornography he wants, and like the pitiful old drunkard of a parson, of whom he makes such pitiless fun. I dare say, too, that neither the beautiful Gerda nor the slightly mysterious Christie is too unusual a woman for Dorset. The trouble, to my mind, is to be found in the fact that Mr. Powys seems content to show only one side of the picture.

❋

ADMITTEDLY these people are extraordinarily life-like and interesting, but there must be plenty of Dorsetshire folk of a very different kind—simple, unlascivious souls whose little dramas can be just as engaging as any of those which Mr. Powys sets out to tell. A little good cheer now and then might well have been imported to clear the skies.

❋

AT the same time it would be unfair to the author not to draw attention to his masterly portrait of Wolf Solent, the young man who returns to his native Dorset after years spent in London, and meets all these curious people. Here, indeed, is something big. Here is a man, neither good nor bad, who is honestly trying to understand himself, and in his portrait there is much that no ordinary man could have written.

❋

I WOULD say of this book, then, that it is virile and forthright and outspoken; in places wonderfully good to read, in others most terribly depressing. It has great beauty, but patches of almost incredible ugliness. But it will be both applauded and damned—which, as somebody once said, generally shows that a real artist has been at work.

❋

THERE is another portrait of a man trying to understand himself in Mr. W. B. Maxwell's new novel, *Himself and Mr. Raikes* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.*). Here you have the somewhat commonplace but never dull story of a "successful" man who, in the world's view, at any rate, deserves all the good things that come his way. He is a "real friend," a "white man," and on occasions more than a bit of a hero.

❋

BUT is he? That is just the question that this Oswald Raikes is always asking himself. Is he not doing all these things which the world applauds out of vanity—from a mere desire to be liked? Is he not really acting a part all the time, attempting to be the Oswald Raikes who he would have liked to be?

❋

PROBABLY there is a bit of him in most of us, though in Oswald's own case there may be a greater guard against self-deception than is usual. And yet it may be that he, too, is deceiving himself. It is an interesting little problem of the kind which Mr. Maxwell finds well suited to the methods of his work. There are other books of his which I like very much better, but this one has much to recommend it.

❋

WITH Mr. E. V. Lucas we come upon much lighter fare. *Windfall's Eve* (Methuen: 7*s.* 6*d.*) is the jolliest affair. An elderly man comes unexpectedly into a fortune—he has had the temerity to win the Calcutta Sweep—and proceeds to enjoy himself in his own pleasant way. There is no particular story, but a whole host of little stories interwoven about so cheerful and easy-going a chronicle as you could ask for, even from Mr. Lucas himself. Excellent holiday entertainment. (And do not omit to read the "extracts from first reviews" which he has provokingly printed at the end. He wrote them himself.)

MRS. HADEN GUEST

The author of "The Yellow Pigeon," which is based on her experiences in France during the War. It is to be published in October by Harrap

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued)

I MUST also recommend two other novels. *A House is Built* (Harrap: 7*s.* 6*d.*) is the work of two Australian ladies who call themselves M. Barnard Eldershaw, and it won a "first novel" prize "down under." Now, usually, I find it convenient to avoid prize novels—so often they are too true to type—but this story of a family "making good" in Australia is first-rate stuff, and, incidentally, an excellent introduction to Australian social history. It is both alive and graciously written, and I am not surprised to learn that it is repeating its native success in this country.

❋

THEN there is *The Fiddler* (Constable: 6*s.*), by Sarah Gertrude Millin, a love-story that is almost old-fashioned, though told in so cunning a way as to seem startlingly new. The scene is Portuguese East Africa. "He" is the first violin in an hotel orchestra, and "she" is the wife of an elderly scholar who has brought her from England on a visit. She is the last person in the world, you would think, to run off with this worthless musician, good-looking and "lonely" though he may be, but so it is, and the consequences are equally unexpected.

❋

MRS. MILLIN wastes no words. You read this poignant story of hers at a short sitting, and wish for more. You understand both "him" and "her," and see how inevitable it all was. He is a rotter, and she made a sad mistake; but the book is not gloomy, and when "Skipper" Smith and his wife come on the scene it becomes pleasantly exhilarating. The Smiths, indeed, ought to have a book to themselves.

JOHN COWPER POWYS

Whose lengthy book, "Wolf Solent," is reviewed this week. It is published by Jonathan Cape, Ltd

FINALLY, a word about a well-written "thriller." *Poison in the Garden Suburb* (Collins: 7*s.* 6*d.*) is the work of those well-tried collaborators, G. D. M. and M. Cole. Who poisoned Mr. Cayley, who had such a pretty (and poisonous) wife? Even the great Mr. Wilson found some trouble in identifying the murderer, but then so many of the very respectable Suburbans, including two doctors, seemed not wholly averse from seeing the unfortunate victim permanently out of the way. I always like Mr. and Mrs. Cole's books because their people are never the usual "detective" types, but dare to be more or less ordinary human beings.

R. S.

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS

A mystery story with a clue in the form of a cross-word puzzle! In *The Riddle of the Emeralds*, by Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny, Bertram Goodlake is murdered and his emeralds are stolen . . . a cross-word puzzle clue . . . some amateur sleuths . . . adventures and thrills . . . altogether we are promised a thoroughly original mystery story by Cassells, when they publish it on August 22.

Boys and Girls Who Became Famous, by Amy Cruse, contains the early life stories of twenty-seven famous men and women, including Jeanne d'Arc, Mozart, Hans Andersen, Chopin, Dickens, Charlotte Brontë, Ruskin, Stevenson, Washington, Sir James Barrie, Melba, Clara Butt, Sybil Thorndike, and Lord Northcliffe. To be published by Harrap this month.

Love in Chicago is an intriguing title, and the publishers inform us that this tale of a hired murderer, with its wild and vivid love story, is remarkable as much because of the author's personality as for its strange attraction. Published by Harrap's, August 9.

BRIDGE: COMPETITION No. 2 RESULTS

By "ACES EASY"

THE winner of the first prize is Miss HUGHES, 64, HOLLAND PARK, W.11, with a total tally of 38 points out of 40. Consolation prizes are awarded to: B. L. Williams, 69, Pembroke Road, Dublin; E. A. Gregory, 8, Strachan Place, Wimbledon Common, S.W.19; Mrs. Bertha Keeler, 42, York Road, Canterbury, Kent; A. C. Morgan, 32, Albion Street, Hyde Park, W.2; J. E. Jones, Penzance Club; and C. T. Reay, Moorhurst, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.

Solution to Bridge Problem No. II.

I.

(a) *Three Spades.*—The reason for this re-bid on *S*—K, J, 8, 7, 4, 2; *H*—6, 5, 3, 2; *D*—J, 9; *C*—5, by East after West has first doubled a no-trumper and then denied the spade response with two no trumps, lies in the fact that his spades are far stronger than West can legitimately suppose. In the event of a second denial, then the weak heart suit may be shown. The hand is worth less both in tops and distribution for a no-trump call, and the black major of six cards to two honours is worth a re-bid.

(b) *One Diamond.*—The hand—*S*—A; *H*—A, K; *D*—Q, J, 8, 7, 5; *C*—K, Q, 6, 4, 2—is one of distinct possibilities, but, against a "One Club" call on its left, must not essay a negative double, promising length in the majors which it cannot supply. Its distribution is unfavourable for a no-trumper, and at a score of 28 against, a pass to defeat is ultra-sanguine. To bid more than one diamond is folly, as you have not the strength, nor should you have the desire, to shut out subsequent bids.

(c) *No. Bid.*—The hand in question—*S*—0; *H*—9; *D*—J, 6, 5; *C*—K, J, 10, 9, 7, 5, 4, 3, 2—should never be bid by dealer at any score. An original call must have quick tricks and there are none in the hand. These 13 cards are at least an ace-jack below an average hand, and, despite the freak distribution, *must* be passed. A call of Four Clubs—the most popular bid—implies Ace-King-Queen to seven and an ace, or some such holding. With four aces, three kings, and four queens out, the hand will probably not be passed out.

(d) This is a tricky hand—*S*—A, K, Q, 5; *H*—A, Q, J, 10, 2; *D*—K, Q, J, 10; *C*—0—with dealer on your right bidding Four Clubs at 28 all in the rubber game. You may defend the Four Heart call as "safe"; the Three Spade call as enabling you to show the hearts if there is a second round; or the double, as a "free" speculation. None are wrong, though the Hearts are the best of the three bids. The "brilliant" bid, however, is Five Clubs—putting it up to your partner! No one rose to that height of ingenuity, however, and *Four Hearts* gets it.

II.

South held *S*—A, K, 9, 7, 2; *H*—8, 7; *D*—10, 6; *C*—A, J, 6, 5. West: *S*—5, 3; *H*—J, 4, 3; *D*—A, J, 9, 7, 5, 3, 2; *C*—10; North: *S*—J, 10, 4; *H*—Q, 9, 6, 5; *D*—0; *C*—Q, 8, 7, 4, 3, 2; and East: *S*—Q, 8, 6; *H*—A, K, 10, 2; *D*—K, Q, 8, 4, and *C*—K, 9. South plays 4 Spades doubled.

The play of the hand was simple but delicate. North ruffs the Diamond ace with the Spade 10, leading the Spade 4, finessing the 9. A second diamond is ruffed in the dummy and a low club led for the jack finesse. Two rounds of trumps clears them up and dummy's clubs are good when the ace is led out. Result, Grand Slam. Trumping trick 1 with the Spade 4 will not solve against good defence, while leading the Club Queen instead of a low club will fail if East refuses to cover. Had East properly bid a heart instead of a No-trump, he saves slams at once.

FLYING NOTES

Central Press

Members of the Oxford University Air Squadron and their Instructor face the photographer They are undergoing their annual training at Manston Aerodrome

WORLD'S GREATEST SPEED EVENT

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

The Schneider Trophy

It was announced at an official aeronautical dinner in Paris at the end of 1912 that M. Jacques Schneider had presented a trophy to be competed for by seaplanes, or hydro-aeroplanes as they were then called, being nothing more than aeroplanes on floats. M. Schneider was well known in the flying world in those days and had become interested in the possibilities of marine aircraft through his experiments with hydro-gliders. Lord Kitchener was one of his passengers on the Nile when his glider attained a speed of 50 miles an hour. Originally it was intended that the race for the Trophy should be between the various Aero Clubs of the world through their members, but this object has been defeated for several reasons, the principal ones being the great expense involved in designing and building racing seaplanes and the high degree of skill required of a pilot flying at speeds of over 250 miles an hour. It is certain that M. Schneider did not realise the tremendous speeds which would be attained in so short a period of time, nor did he imagine that aviation would become of such national importance. The race is now a trial between nations. The entries are the finest that brains can design and money can buy, and their pilots the fittest, the most skilful and the most highly trained in the world. To describe any other sporting event in the superlative is to forget that this race requires more from man and machine than we have ever contemplated.

The Preliminary Programme

For those spending August in the South of England, perhaps because they haven't qualified for their "A" Licences and the freedom of the air, there will be stirring events taking place over the Solent. The British and foreign teams for the Schneider Trophy Race went into training at Calshot on August 6th, and from that day until September 4th there will be many opportunities to see machines flying at 300 miles an hour, followed at a respectful distance by the sound of their exhaust. There seems to be some doubt as to whether the French and the Americans will be ready in time, but Italy is a certain challenger. No sportsman can afford to miss the world's greatest speed event. The most interesting visitor by air for the race itself will be the latest Dornier flying ship, accommodating 100 passengers. The yachtsman, or motor-boatist, who wants to get more of a kick out of the sea, should watch some of our own light seaplanes showing a clean pair of floats in the breeze.

L.N.A.

Miss Sale-Barker, the winner of the National Flying Services Competition which provides a free course of instruction. She is seen at Hanworth with her instructor, Mr Schofield

Taking the Air Cure

Princes do it, Premiers do it, even Irishmen at 75 do it; let's do it before it becomes old-fashioned. Sir Horace Plunkett, writing to a London daily, says that he finds his flying lessons very enjoyable, and already he has put in some five hours aloft. Will Bernard Shaw follow the example of his friend and take the air before it is too late to give the world his views?

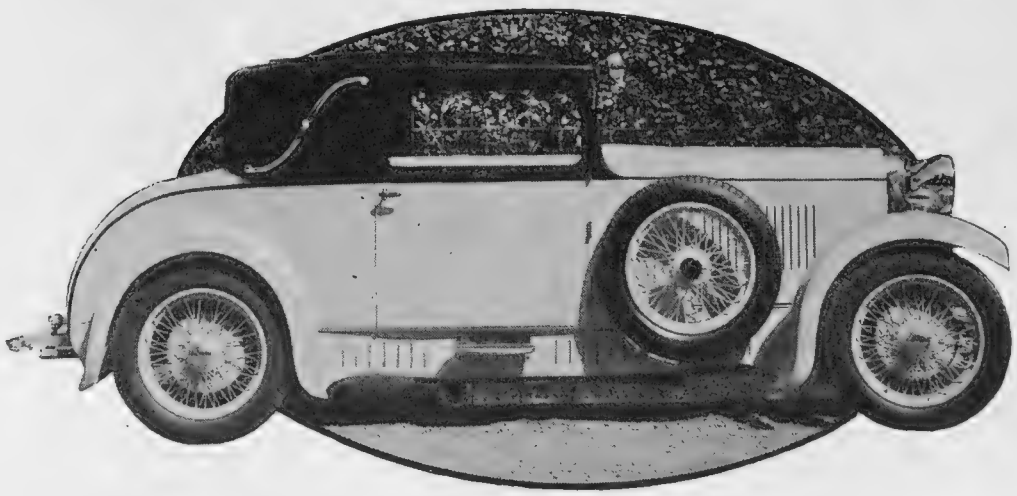
County Flying

The Counties have not so far taken to flying in the same manner as they support cricket and football, which is accounted for partly by lack of landing grounds. This state of affairs is likely to be remedied in the spring, when 30 or 40 new aerodromes will be opened, some by municipalities, others by private owners, and still more by National Flying Services. Meanwhile, Hampshire, Northamptonshire, Norfolk, Suffolk, Yorkshire and Lancashire are amongst the few where flying is already considered a County affair.

MOTOR NOTES

WANTED—LAW FOR WALKERS

By E. M. WRIGHT



A 20 h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam with "four-under-the-head" coupé body. The special wings, stops, etc., are interesting features of this car, which is the property of Mr. A. M. Pass, of Pass and Joyce, Ltd.

"JAY walking," by which the Americans describe aimless wandering across a crowded street, is already an offence in many parts of the world, where it has long been recognised that the pedestrian—and not the motorist—is very often to blame in street accidents. Our own traffic authorities are also well aware of this, and the constable on point duty has no illusions as to the mentality of the average pedestrian. I heard, by the way, of a delicious instance of this the other day from the very lips of the highly indignant policeman, who at a busy moment had been asked by an old lady to be directed to the "south-east corner of the north side of Oxford Street."

***

ONE by one all those whose business it is to inquire into or report on street accidents have come to understand the truth. The last to be convinced—perhaps because such a change robbed them of one excellent outlet for their genius—were the headline writers of the popular newspapers, but it was particularly noticeable that when last year's figures for street accidents were published a new tone was adopted in the presentation of the news. The old snappy libels on those who drive cars, such as "Murderous Motorists," "Dreadnought Drivers," and so forth, gave place to headlines such as these: "Walkers who Flirt with Death," "Day-dreamers and Traffic," and others of a like tenor. At last the newspapers are beginning to realise that the motorist is not a man-hunter avid for blood! The Chief Constable of Liverpool so far exonerates us of blame as to say that no less than 75 per cent. of road accidents are *caused* by pedestrians; while the chairman of the Merseyside "Safety First" Council has also had his dig at them. Those in Liverpool, he says, are the most careless in the world. But has he visited Glasgow? If not, he should certainly do so.

OUR cousins on the Continent can show us a thing or two in this respect. Painstaking attention to detail appeals nearly as much to the German mind as a host of regulations liberally punctuated with that blessed word "Verboten." Ordinarily, prohibition arouses in me an overwhelming desire to sin, and I have more than a sneaking regard for the man who just muddles through; but I must confess that on some counts, at least, German methods are worth copying. The other day I saw an illustration of a group of German schoolchildren being instructed in traffic signals. It is an idea altogether to be commended. Over here it is the motorist alone who must be regulated, and, to misquote a famous remark, we dare not allow a day to pass without asking what new regulation has been promulgated—for fear of missing any.

***

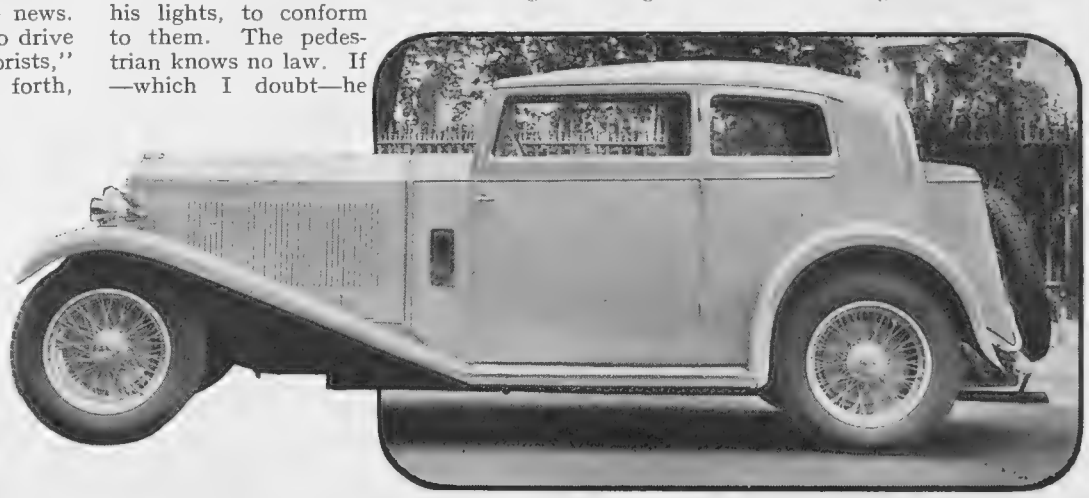
MOTORISTS themselves are by no means above reproach in the matter of giving signals or of obeying those given by others, but the average driver has at least a rudimentary notion of their meaning, and does make some effort, according to his lights, to conform to them. The pedestrian knows no law. If—which I doubt—he does understand the signals of the drivers and traffic police around him, he pays not the slightest heed. Crossing the road, for all but a very few, resolves itself into a panic-stricken plunge into the vortex, followed, perhaps, by a period of wavering indecision in the middle of the road, while the motorist turns grey in his efforts to avoid disaster.

***

AT no other time in the year do you so fully appreciate the freedom that comes with the possession of a car as during the August holiday rush. Quite apart from the fact that you travel in comfort to your destination, you are no longer tied to one spot. The whole of England is your playground if you wish it. And touring is year by year growing in popularity. Were I to condense my article to the brevity of a small advertisement in a daily newspaper I could not even hint at half of what England can offer the tourist of every class and of every taste. And, quite frankly, I shall not try; the literature on touring is already vast enough. But there is one kind of tour which may possibly appeal to those who are a little weary of motoring merely for motoring's sake. While the clever map-reader can easily see to it that his way shall lie in pleasant places, he can, on the kind of holiday I am about to indicate, provide some definite object for the day's run.

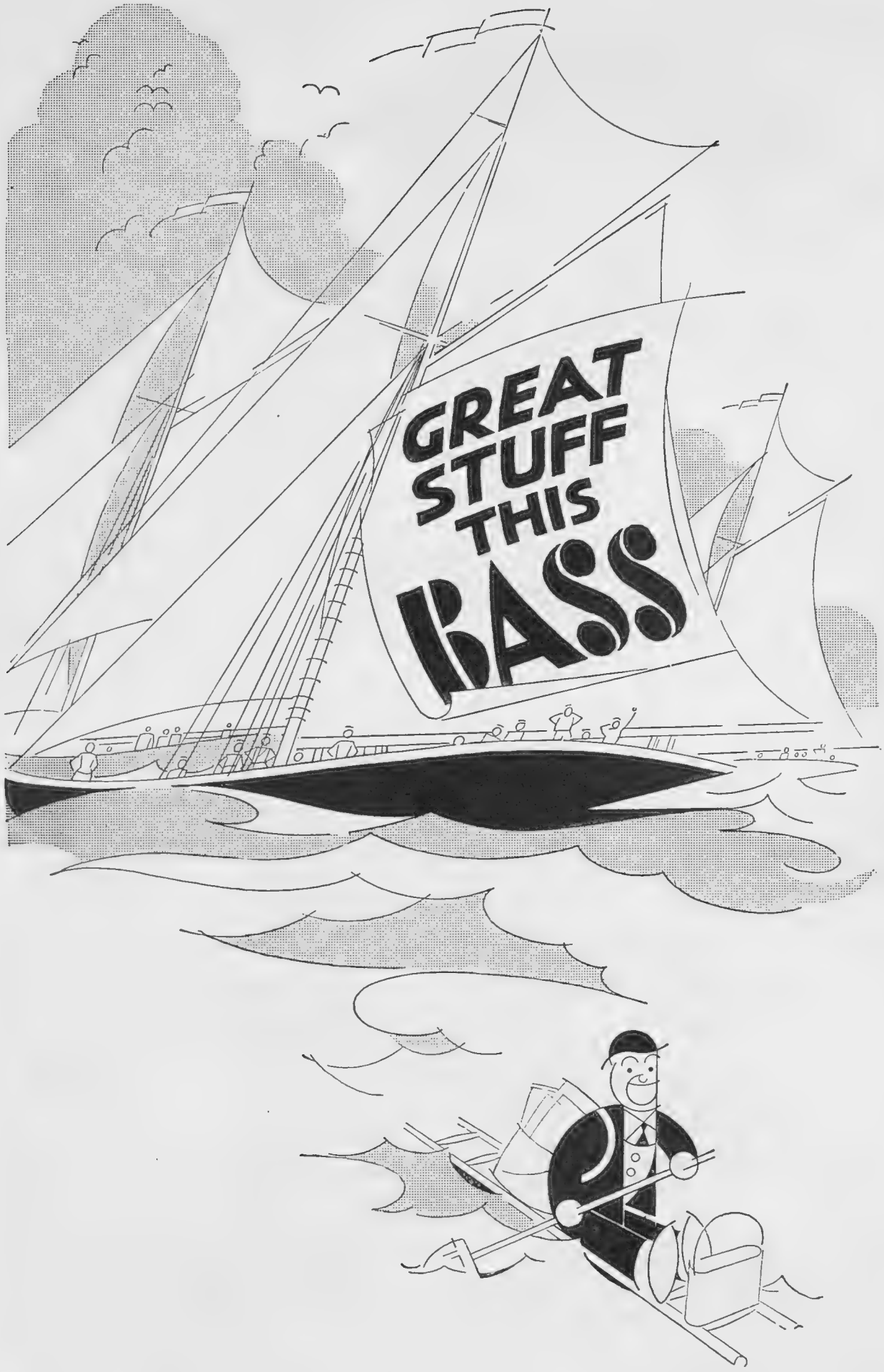
***

ENGLAND is rich indeed in stately homes and lovely gardens, and, in spite of the depredations of wealthy American mansion-snatchers, a goodly number still remain to remind us of the graceful elegance of more spacious days. The *grand seigneur* of former times built a solid wall round his garden to shut himself off from the prying eyes of scurvy knaves, naughty varlets, malapert rogues, and so forth, but his more democratic descendants are only too willing to have us enjoy the glory of a garden on which generations have

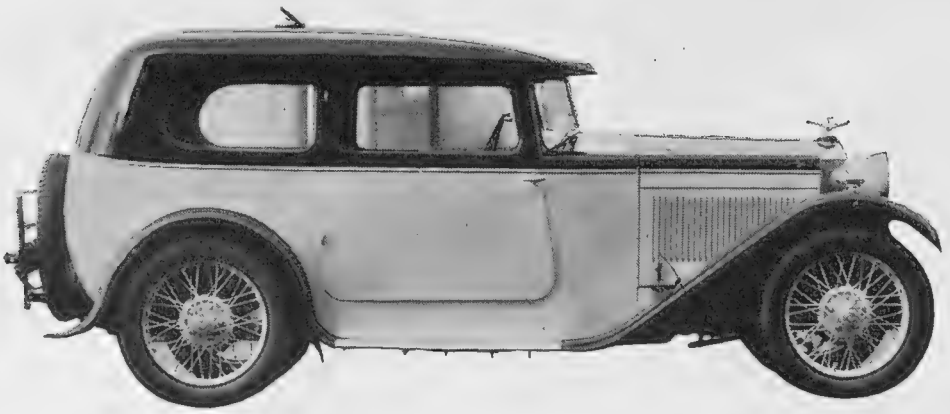


F. N. Birkett

This attractive Invicta car, mounted on one of the latest model 10 ft. 6 in. wheelbase chassis, has been produced by the Invicta Car Sales Co., of 11, Albemarle Street, to a special order. The aluminium-panelled body was built by Cadogan Motors (1928) Ltd., of Bishop's Road, Fulham


GREAT
STUFF
THIS
BASS

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page 378)



E. H. Eugene Pizey

The "Swallow Saloon," a very smart specimen of modern bodywork now being fitted by Henlys, Ltd, to 19 h.p. Fiat chassis. This racy but very roomy body is an excellent example of British coachwork

laboured. True, there is a charge for admission. Sometimes it is only 6*d*., and it is never more than 1*s*. But no one will grudge the money once he realises that the funds so collected are for the benefit of the Queen's Institute and District Nursing throughout England and Wales.

***

THAT is the tour I suggest you should take. Every week right up to the beginning of October there are gardens to be visited in different parts of the country. Indeed, from now to the end of August alone there are more than a hundred to choose from all over the country, from Cornwall to the North Riding of Yorkshire. If you happen to live in or near London, or, in fact, anywhere in the south, you will have literally dozens at your choice. I cannot indicate here even the more outstanding of them, but a full list giving the dates and times of admission can be had free and post free from the Lady Georgiana Mure, Queen's Institute of District Nursing, 58, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

THE Rover Company, who were the first to introduce a Sportsman's Coupé, have now followed it up with a new and registered design, known as the Sportsman's Saloon. This follows the design of the coupé, but with the very important exception that there is very much more roomy and comfortable accommodation for passengers in the back seats. The built-in compartment for luggage in the tail of the body remains, and access to the petrol filler cap is obtained without having to open up this compartment. Wire wheels are fitted as standard on this model, and a finishing touch is given by a line of chromium beading running the length of the car. The prices are £435 for the Standard model, and £475 for the "Regal" model, which is in the nature of a *de luxe* version.

***

ASTONISHING speeds are obtainable on outboard motor boats nowadays. In a 77 miles race for this type of class at Beaumont, Texas, a Mr. Blanchette put up an average speed of no less than 38.04 m.p.h. on a Super Elto Hi-Speed Quad. Needless to say, he won the race, his time being 2 hours 1 minute for the distance.

E. M. W.

THIS WEEK'S HINT: THE TWENTY M.P.H. DRIVER

THERE is no reason why a Motorist should not drive within the legal limit, if he, or she, feels so disposed, and can do so without what the Magistrates call "inconvenience or danger" to other road users. For strange to say, more danger is caused by crawling than by speeding, and what the 20 m.p.h. driver must realise is that most people drive at a much higher average. The first essential, then, is to keep to your own side. Apart from allowing others to pass easily, this means that in an emergency you are in the right place; many an accident has happened through a driver being "off-side," so to speak, on a blind bend and not having sufficient speed to put himself right in time. That is one of the real dangers of slow driving. If you wish to overtake a vehicle, do not fail to signal your move, and then accelerate and get it over as quickly as possible. Nothing is more maddening, or dangerous to other traffic, than a 20 m.p.h. driver overtaking another who is going at 19¾ miles per hour!

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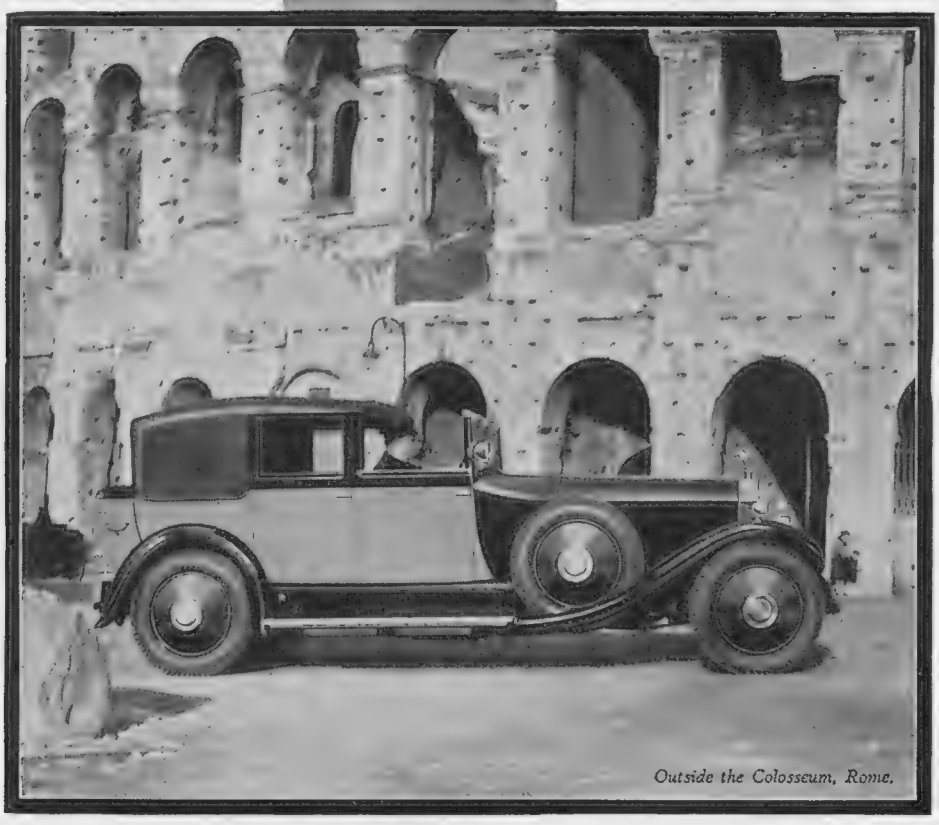

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MAX BAKER'S WEEKLY HINT

IN THE GROUSE BUTTS

DURING the coming weeks many quite useful shots will be striving to maintain their reputation on grouse. If you are strange to the use of two guns forbid yourself in advance to open the breech, also remember that the gun will be handed to you at "safe." Don't hurry to exchange after firing a single shot, look well around first and change at leisure. For the rest, neither fluster nor feel apologetic. In the actual shooting try all along to fire so early as to drop them in front of the butt. An approaching bird taken whilst still 30-35 yards distant needs an aim only slightly elevated and is correspondingly easy. By taking the first early the left barrel can usually be directed immediately after at a second bird following up behind, therefore repeating the conditions of the first shot. In going out for the brace the shooter can readily accustom himself to locate Bird No. 2 out of the corner of his eye. Change guns whilst still looking ahead; there may be some laggards or even a fresh covey. Turn round if you must, but realise that the majority of your birds should be taken in front. Remain calm in rushes and maintain a wide enough view to ensure selecting the most favourably placed chances. When all the above has been done, remember that the man or woman who adds most to the bag is he or she who lets off the gun regardless of the fallacy birds-per-cartridges-fired.

Sport and General

A strenuous moment during a shoot on Danby Moor in Yorkshire. The birds are providing good sport this year and guns are being kept busy

FISHING 1820.

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Born 1820 — Still going Strong

FISHING: Perhaps the oldest of all Sports, and regarded by the more ardent and complete amongst the followers of the immortal Izaak as one of the Arts.

JOHN WALKER & SONS LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

BY STAN TERRY

THE 12th—AND NOT A GROUSE!

Fashions Fancies

A CASINO TURBAN

This simple turban from Maria Guy has the draped crown arranged in melon-shaped sections which softly mould the head, the ears being cleverly concealed. The entire scheme is carried out in the new noisette shade of cloqué crêpe de Chine

DEAUVILLE, THE LIDO, AND BIARRITZ

Pyjamas have even invaded the nautical world, for Worth has designed these for yachting, though they would look equally well for beach wear. Those on the left have wide white flannel trousers, a red and yellow pullover, and a navy blazer with brass buttons. A sleeveless sweater and coatee in crimson wool adds colour to the second model, a red, white, and blue sash being knotted round the waist

Bizarre Beach Attire

BEACH clothes are far more elaborate. This is the time when pyjamas come into their own, satin and shantung reigning supreme. Shantung is particularly good because it wears so well, and is obtainable in such lovely colours. It is the wonderful combinations of rich shades, the arrangement of a sash, or an original and striking *motif* which distinguish them, for almost invariably the shapes are simple, a difference in the length of the coat or the cut of the collar being all that differentiates one model from another. Sometimes the long trousers are slipped on over the swimming suit, broad braces being crossed at the back. Skirts, too, play their part in this way. An ankle-length one in printed cotton, with a wide kerchief draped round the shoulders, made the wearer of a simple Leghorn hat look like a demure country maiden of days gone by. Coolie hats of natural-coloured or vivid-hued straw are enjoying a tremendous vogue, and waterproofed velvet is one of the novelties of the season. Others include flexible glass bangles and single heavy gold ear-rings. Worth sponsors dress-like *ensembles* which have such voluminous trousers, cut in one with the top, that no division is visible. They reach just below the knee, and are worn with patterned satin coats cut on the same lines as a man's dressing gown.

Sun-drenched Forenoons

IT really matters very little which of the fashionable *plages* one visits. At each of them simple *maillots* are worn for the morning dip. They may be divided into three classes: those which conform to the lines of the ordinary regulation swimmer; those which have very short skirts, usually flared or with pleated insets; and those which boast rather wide shorts, with matching cardigans or knee-length coats that can be worn on the beach. An attractive example of the latter type had red and white diamond-patterned shorts, with an oval-necked white top, and a white blazer bordered with the checked material. Many sun-suits have very low-cut necks, a greatly favoured model having no shoulder straps and no back, the front being held by a band encircling the neck. Since stockings would be entirely out of place in such surroundings everybody is using a new cream called "Bas de Soie," which is obtainable practically everywhere. Applied to the legs it gives them the appearance of being clad in fine silk.

When the Stars Come Out

IT is when the daylight fades and everyone departs to the Casino that one enjoys the thrill of studying the advance guard of the autumn fashions. Satin is used extensively, especially in a lovely off-white shade which has a faint amber glow that harmonises perfectly with sun-tanned skin. Metal lace, exquisitely fine, expresses some of the loveliest dance dresses. Long lines, sheath-like until they reach a point midway between the hips and knees, where flared hems swirl; double and treble trains; and bustle bows help to create a new silhouette. Vionnet sponsors an interesting line when she pulls lustrous satin under one arm and up to the opposite shoulder in a way that is wholly becoming. Béret headdresses in tulle or chiffon, delicately spangled or jewelled, complement dresses of the same materials. Satin sandals in a deep red-violet shade are worn with pastel-hued or patterned velvet frocks.

These pyjamas for the fashionable plages are in themselves quite simple, slashings of coloured silk up the sides of the legs being their sole decoration. The wrap, which is an aristocratic version of the gay Happi coat, exploits a galaxy of gorgeous hues harmoniously blended in a bold design

Class D.
1st D. Higgin (Austro-Daimler)

Class G.
1st G. E. T. Eyston (Riley)

Class H.
1st H. G. Poppe (Austin 7)

Irish International Grand Prix

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20 out of 25
finishers

Team Prize
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Messrs. Davis, Green & Shaw

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C.F H. 344

DOGS

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

By "THE KENNELMAN"

SEASIDE and other holiday resorts naturally figure prominently among this month's Dog Show fixtures. Up-river, Spratts are benching and feeding one at Wallingford to-day, Wednesday; and to-morrow Spillers do the same for a sea-front Show at Ryde: the Isle of Wight Canine Association's function. The Hastings and East Sussex Canine Society hold theirs at Bexhill on Wednesday of next week, and on the following Wednesday Spratts will bench and feed a biggish Show for Minehead. There are others in plenty, and shortly now, among the fells and dales of the north country, will come the world's best Sheepdog Trials, at which you may watch trained doggy sagacity in its most uncanny perfection; the superb working of senses and faculties we know, and others that we don't yet know and can't explain, for all our wonder-working with wireless and the like. For the students of such matters there's nothing to beat a Cumberland Sheepdog Trial; as a revelation of canine psychology it's unique.

S

No special change is required in the dietary of correctly fed Dogs during hot weather, and it is a mischievous error to suppose that at this season they will gain by being given milky, sloppy meals. *Hard* food is at all times and seasons best for all varieties of Dogs, including those who have the least active lives. Indeed, it is perhaps even more important for them than for those who live hardly. The hard-worked Hound or Sheepdog, for example, can dispose without much trouble of stodgy fare; but not so the average and more sedentary Dog. He must have his food in concentrated form if he is to be healthy and companionable; and, above all, it must be *hard* food that demands crunching, gnawing, tearing; real exercise for jaws and teeth. Biscuit foods of inferior quality are never cheap, because weight for weight they don't yield half the nutriment of the best kinds, and never represent a *balanced* canine dietary, as the best kinds do. Detail in all such matters can be had by anyone who applies in writing or in person to the Free Information Bureau, which is to be found at 40, St. Mary Axe, E.C.3.

S

ON the face of it, one's inclined to think there must be some crab about any good thing to be had without payment, but the 32-page Dog Magazine now available to the public most certainly seems to be an exception. You can get it by sending a postcard to ask for it (address: Spratts, 24-5, Fenchurch Street, E.C.3), and its pages are packed full of practical doggy information, useful tips and advice, and very attractive illustrations. Especially for the amateur and "one-Dog" owner it should be a real boon and blessing.

IN TRAINING Photopress

Miss Mulliner taking a trio of champion hurdlers out for a practice run at Wembley. She assists her father, who has trained many winning dogs in the well-known Mulliner Kennels

Native Life

as yet unchanged by civilisation!

See it, in all its vitality, amidst the glorious scenery and the free open spaces of

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Come on your winter tour! Sport, sunshine and invigorating climate await you. Luxurious steamers and splendid trains, modern hotels for you to stay in.

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See the Victoria Falls!

SRB

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THE HUMAN HAIR.

Why it falls off or turns grey, and the Remedy.

By Prof. HARLEY PARKER.

Hair Specialist (Press Correspondent on Hair Culture).

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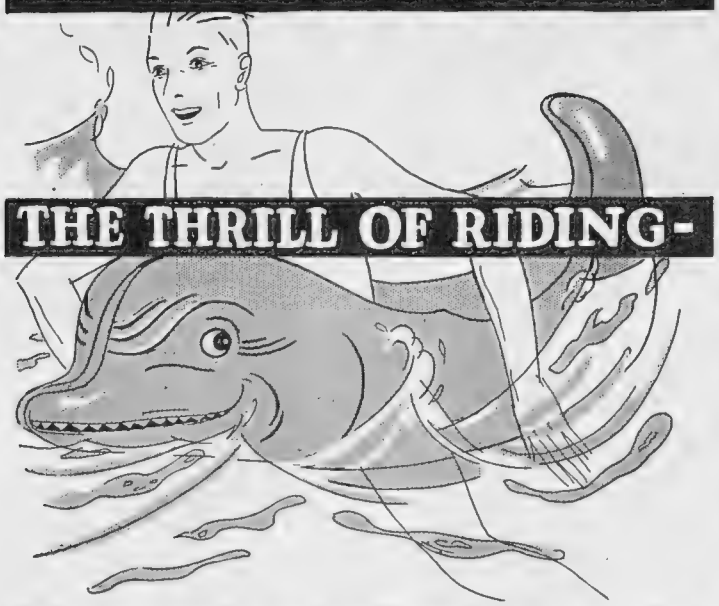

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DOUBLE the pleasure of your children's holiday this year. Give them the amusement of *safe* surf-riding on the new Dorco animals. *Double air-chambers make Dorco as safe as lifebelts.* They're large—three feet long for children, four feet long for grown-ups. They're strong—almost indestructible. They're inexpensive. See them at your sports shop or store. In case of any difficulty just write to L. Rees & Co., 12, New Union Street, E.C.2, who will gladly supply the name of your nearest Dorco dealer.

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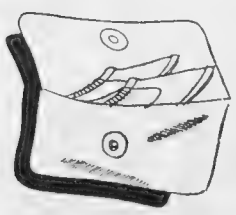

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"Life nowadays, with walks on the lead, *is* a bit trying at times. But the thing I really *do* grouse about is being fed on bits and scraps. Why not give me Melox, the feed that's specially mixed for me?"

There's Melox Concentrated Meal (the all-round diet) and Melox Marvels (the little health biscuits). And, for a change of diet, there is nothing to equ' Buffalo Bars

There are also bad imitations of Melox and Melox Marvels —be careful to avoid them

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MELOX

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Give Melox Meal in the morning

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Stuarts

THE GOURMET (Conducted by EMILIA)

Menu

Of a dinner given at the Savoy Hotel on Tuesday, July 23, to Mr Louis Wiley, Manager of the "New York Times," by Mr. William Harrison, LL.D.

CANTALOUP AU XÉRÈS.
CAVIAR PERLE.

TORTUE VERTE EN TASSE.
CONSOMMÉ DOUBLE EN GELÉE.

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PÊCHES ET FRAISES DES BOIS
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The Grill Room manager of the Piccadilly Hotel, who is so well known to diners-out in the West End

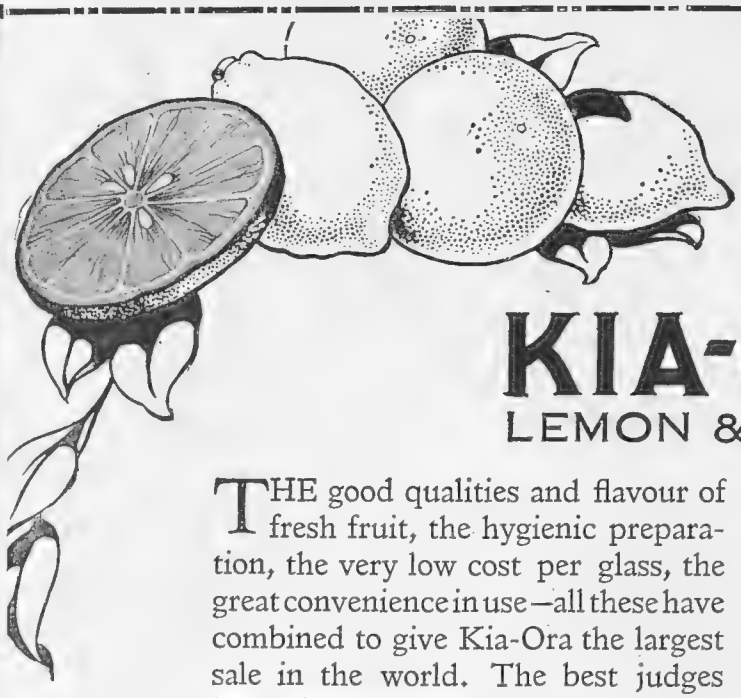
TWO SUMMER DISHES

Chicken Pilaff

TAKE the remains of a cold fowl, remove the meat from the bones, then cut the meat into fine shreds or small dice shapes. Fry a tablespoonful of finely chopped onion in butter. Then put in the chicken, and stir for a few minutes without allowing to brown; season with salt, pepper and a little nutmeg. Now moisten with a gill or more (according to the quantity of chicken) of stock; stir till it boils; then add about twice the quantity of cooked rice, and, if liked, a hard-boiled white of egg, chopped rather coarsely; some cream may be added at this stage. Heat up the whole thoroughly, then dish up neatly. Sprinkle some finely chopped cooked ham or tongue over the top and serve hot.

Veal Cutlets à la Milanaise

SPRINKLE some veal cutlets with salt and pepper, dip them into oiled butter, and then into parmesan cheese and breadcrumbs mixed in equal proportions. Allow this to set, then repeat the process, only using egg yolk instead of butter, and fry in boiling fat. Meanwhile boil some macaroni, drain well, and cut up rather small, then add to it a good lump of butter, a pinch of freshly ground black pepper, salt to taste, the yolk of an egg, sufficient tomato sauce to colour it nicely, add enough grated cheese to flavour it rather strongly, toss it all over the fire till quite hot, stirring all the time; then heap in the centre of a hot dish, and arrange the cutlets round it.



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Rain!

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WITH THE

'PIANOLA' PIANO

THE tennis party would have been simply ruined had it not been for the 'Pianola' Piano.
Everybody gathered round for their favourite melodies, playing and singing to their hearts' content the latest dance tunes and song rolls with jolly choruses.
The words on the roll made it easy for everyone to sing and, of course, everyone could play the accompaniments in turn—a great party after all!
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THE EDITOR'S BOX

From Orchard to Table

Only those who have lived in the country, watched the blooming and fruiting of the trees, assisted in gathering the fruit and in jam making, can fully appreciate in jams and preserves the reason for that pure "home-made" flavour. Messrs. Chivers and Sons, Ltd., of Histon, Cambridge, grow luscious fruit in their own orchards, which is gathered at its ripest and best and made into jam in silver-lined pans in a model factory adjoining the fruit orchards. They tell us that only the best refined sugar is added, the jams deriving their delicious flavour entirely from the freshly gathered fruit used. The name "Chivers" is synonymous with quality, and such quality is achieved only by using fruit which has lost none of its bloom and freshness, is sun-ripened and luscious.

Some New Records

Among the most interesting of gramophone records just issued, "Decca" include a large collection at 3*s.* and 2*s.* each in specially designed cardboard cases, a dozen of which bring with them an album. Among those worth having are Coleridge-Taylor's "Dream Dances," by the Hastings Municipal Orchestra (M.11 and 16), and "Waltz No. 1" and "Russian Romance and Dance," by Vladescu (F.1505). The dance records include "Lady Divine," by Herbert Jager's Orchestra (M.51); "An Old Italian Love Song," by Ambrose of the "Mayfair" (M.55); and several by Philip Lewis, the best of which are "Sweetheart of All My Dreams" (F.1503) and "There's One Thing Remains" (F.1504). Others that should not be forgotten are "Mean To Me," most fascinatingly sung by Barrie Oliver (M.50), and two piano solos, "When Summer is Gone" and "Step-High," played by Patricia Rossborough (F.1507; 2*s.*)

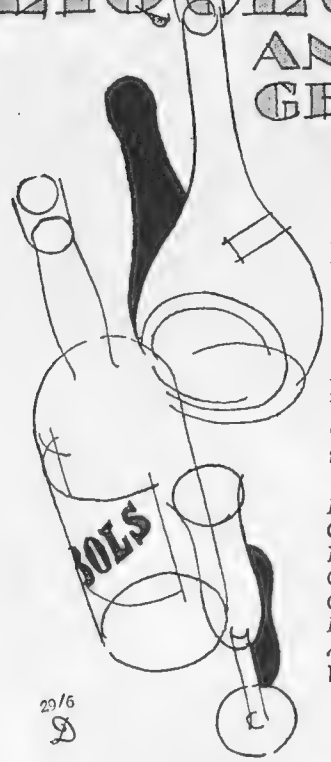
Pension Funds for Employees

Whatever individual views upon politics or social advancement may be, it should be clear to everyone that most of the great employers of labour are becoming increasingly conscious of the need for pension, provident, or benevolent organisations for the benefit of their workers. A firm which has long taken a lead in this respect is that of Cadbury Brothers, Ltd., the famous chocolate makers, of Bournville. Some idea of the widely comprehensive nature of the financial welfare organisations available to Cadbury's workers, both whilst engaged at Bournville and when by old age, sickness, or other cause their industry for the firm is suspended, is contained in an interesting booklet recently published, which shows that practically every contingency that may so befall their employees as to stop or curtail their normal duties is provided for. The booklet (obtainable from the Publication Department, Bournville, price 6*d.*) gives details of contributions, benefits, etc., which should enlighten employers of labour who are considering establishing similar provisions.

AN HISTORICAL SITE

A corner of the grounds of Whalley Abbey, one of the most historic ruins in Lancashire, which was originally established in Cheshire in 1172, and, owing to its unhealthy position, was transferred to Lancashire in 1296 by permission of Pope Nicholas IV. The ruins, the property of the Ecclesiastical Authorities, are preserved for the benefit of visitors, and an Atco Motor Mower is seen above playing its part in the maintenance of lawns and verges

BOLS
LIQUEURS
AND V.O
GENEVA



A curious shape . . . an unusual bottle altogether. It contains unusual liqueur — unusually good. You see, Bols Liqueurs recipes have been jealously guarded for 350 years

By the by, try V.O. Geneva with Ginger Ale — it's good.

Kümmel
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Maraschino
Crème de Menthe
Cherry Brandy
Dry Gin
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Very Old Geneva

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CHAMPAGNE
DRY IMPERIAL *VINTAGE 1919*

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY

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The "Dry Imperial" 1919 vintage is a very fine example of the brand.

For 136 years

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Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers — 3/6, 7/- and 10/6. Red for dark hair, golden for fair or grey hair.

Rowland's Macassar Oil

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THERE'S a real pleasure in washing with Calvert's Carbolic Toilet Soap after a hard-fought set on the courts. Quickly it yields up a flood of gently-cleansing, invigorating, antiseptic lather, which speedily banishes fatigue and restores your energy, leaving you as fresh as a summer dawn. Remember, too, that sun- and wind-kissed skins need a soap that is gentle and soothing as well as refreshing. And you can rely with confidence on the purity of

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Light, strong and very durable, a superb boot for riding, tramping, etc., giving lightness and comfort with great durability. Uppers of super quality canvas and a brown golosh of the finest willow calfskin of stout selection. Best oak bark tanned soles welted on the Hand-sewn principle; in sizes and half sizes 3–7. Remember, there is no quality better than Norwell's.

Post free **45/-**

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You will find it useful and interesting. It is replete with guaranteed footwear for all occasions.

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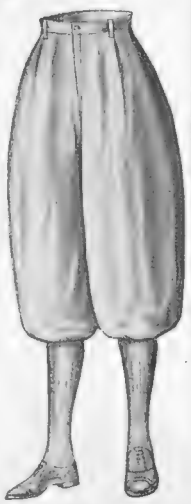

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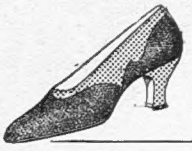

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